

The Enterprise.

VOL. 3.

BADEN, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1898.

NO. 14.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.
5:56 A. M. Daily.
7:26 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
9:14 A. M. Daily.
12:49 P. M. Daily.
4:19 P. M. Daily.
6:45 P. M. Daily.

SOUTH.
7:26 A. M. Daily.
11:13 A. M. Daily.
12:02 P. M. Daily.
3:44 P. M. Daily except Sunday.
6:00 P. M. Sundays Only.
7:03 P. M. Daily.
12:19 P. M. Saturdays Only.

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

TIME TABLE FOR BADEN LINE.

Leaving Time from Holy Cross.	Leaving Time from Baden Station.
8:10 A. M.	9:02 A. M.
9:50 "	10:20 "
10:30 "	11:00 "
11:10 "	11:40 "
12:30 P. M.	12:20 P. M.
1:10 "	1:00 "
1:50 "	2:30 "
2:30 "	3:00 "
3:10 "	3:40 "
3:50 "	4:20 "
4:30 "	5:00 "
5:10 "	5:40 "
5:50 "	6:00 "

STR. CAROLINE.....CAPT. LEALE

TIME CARD.

Steamer leaves Jackson St. Wharf, San Francisco, for what at Abatoir, South San Francisco, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6 P. M.
Returning Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings, carrying freight and passengers both ways.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6 p. m. Sundays, 9:30 to 10:30 a. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

From the North.....9:40 A. M.
" South.....10:20 A. M.

MAIL CLOSURE.

No. 5, South.....9:10 a. m.
No. 14, North.....9:40 a. m.
No. 13, South.....2:40 p. m.
No. 6, North.....3:05 p. m.
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held by the Rev. Geo. Wallace every Sunday, in Grace Church, Morning Services at 11 a. m., two Sundays in each month, and Evening Services at 7:30 p. m. two Sundays in each month, alternating. See local column. Sunday School at 3:15 p. m. Regular Choir practice every Friday evening at 7:45 p. m.

MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Brewery Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT	Redwood City
Hon. G. H. Buck	TREASURER
P. P. Chamberlain	Redwood City
F. M. Granger	Redwood City
H. W. Walker	Redwood City
C. D. Hayward	Redwood City
J. F. Johnston	Redwood City
Wm. P. McEvoy	Redwood City
Geo. Barker	Redwood City
Miss Etta M. Tilton	Redwood City
Jas. Crowe	Redwood City
W. B. Gilbert	Redwood City

EPITOME OF RECORDS.

Deeds and Mortgages Filed in the Recorder's Office the Past Week.

DEEDS.	
J. W. Scott to James W. Henderson, 404 acres.....	\$10,000
J. Jessup to Mrs. G. F. Smith, lot 25, block 6, University Heights.....	5
Manuel R. Dutra to Irmandade de Divino Espirito Santo de San Mateo Co., lot 6, subdivision 1, Spanishtown.....	1
Manuel P. Cunha and wife to Benjamin Cunha, lot in Spanishtown.....	1
J. H. Mansfield, commissioner, to Robert Brown, 40 acres.....	\$56,35
Jose E. Rodriguez, et al., to Sebastian J. Rodriguez, 40 acres.....	10
J. H. Mansfield, Sheriff, to J. H. Doane, lots 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10, block 195, Abbey Homestead.....	177
MORTGAGES.	
Ellen Barry to W. J. Kennedy, 224.10 acres, C. Valadao and wife to Manuel F. Dutra, 5 acres.....	900
Jorgen Jorgensen and wife to Robert Hansen, lot 24, block 145, South San Francisco.....	700
	800

Senors Pinheiro, Jose Marian and Timoteo Castro, members of the Chamber of Deputies of Brazil, and two civilians, all of whom were accused of leading the revolutionary plot, will withdraw. This may result in the imprisonment of Pereira.

A succession of northeasterly gales has been driving the Arctic floe in upon the whole northern coast of the island of Newfoundland and closing navigation for the winter. Numbers of people in the northern bays are in destitute condition, but it will be difficult to get relief to them now.

Lord William Neville, fourth son of the Marquis of Abergavenny, was arrested in London recently on a charge of forgery. The jury in the recent trial found that Neville, by a fraudulent trick, induced Spencer Clay, an officer of the Guards, to indorse notes for over £11,000. The court held that this amounted to forgery.

PACIFIC COAST NEWS.

Important Information Gathered Around the Coast.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

A Summary of Late Events That Are Boiled Down to Suit our Busy Readers.

San Francisco is still agitating a free market on the harbor front.

Jack Frost is to start a small mill to manufacture bee hives and boxes at Banning.

Fresno's board of Supervisors have decided to purchase the Pine Ridge tollroad valued at \$7500.

The North Pacific lumber company of Portland, Oregon, will soon put on a line of steamers to Alaska.

The Japanese cruiser Chitose constructed at the Union Iron Works, San Francisco, was successfully launched there a few days since.

Mrs. L. C. Pope sues the Farmers' Union and Milling Company of Stockton, for \$5600, claimed for wheat burned in the company's elevator.

The partially completed two-story building on the Salvation Army Colony, at Soledad, to be used for a store and barracks, was wrecked by the wind a few days since.

Federal and state courts at Tacoma, Wash., decide that seven British sailors who attempted to leave the bark Marion Fisher, can neither recover wages due or desert the ship.

The Pico Heights school house of Los Angeles has been destroyed by fire. The loss is between \$8000 and \$10,000. Three cottages were also burned before the fire was under control.

A boat with two Italian fishermen of San Francisco, was capsized off the Cliff House and Antoine Londeir, one of the men, drowned. The other one, his brother, swam over a mile to the beach.

Bispo, who assassinated General Bittencourt, the Minister of War in Rio Janeiro, last November, at the time of the attempt upon the life of President Moraes, has committed suicide in prison.

California Copper Company has incorporated at Phoenix with \$1,000,000 capital. Incorporators are: W. P. Woodward, J. M. Beekly, E. Voulten, W. B. Jones, Albert Smith, J. F. Hall and Walter Ross.

Young Jessie Cave of Clarksburg, Yolo county, who killed his brother-in-law, Louis Isham, during an altercation, was discharged at his preliminary examination. Testimony showed that he fired in self-defense.

George Rowe and Charles Kelley, two San Francisco youths convicted of robbery, have been sentenced to imprisonment by Judge Wallace. Rowe, who is 16, goes fourteen years and Kelley, who is 15, goes seven.

The Alamitos Sugar Company is at present installing new machinery, which will enable it to double its former output. During the coming season the company will be in a position to reduce 80,000 tons of beets into sugar.

The Pacific Coast railway has sent a gang of surveyors to Santa Maria to lay out the route for a branch line to the beet-sugar factory, which is to be erected on the shores of Guadalupe Lake by the Union Beet Sugar Company.

A communication received by Postmaster Thrift of Stockton from the Postoffice authorities, indicates that the three additional carriers recently appointed will be dispensed with, throwing the service back to its former condition.

Joseph Hubert, convicted of the murder of his wife, whom he shot and killed at Poverty Bar, in Calaveras county, on Friday, April 19, 1895, has been resentence by Judge Rust of Amador to be hanged at Folsom Penitentiary on April 15th next.

In San Bernardino a few days ago some High school boys undertook to haze a member of a rival class. They proposed to kidnap him, and had thrown him down in the street, but he drew a pistol and fired at them, luckily without injuring anyone.

E. H. Seaver of Santa Cruz is confined in the San Francisco Receiving Hospital on a charge of being insane. A month ago he was secretly married in Siskiyou county and the thought of keeping the affair secret from his mother is said to have driven him insane.

The Southern Pacific Company has bought a piece of land in San Jose and it is reported that the repair shops of the narrow gauge line will be removed from Newark to San Jose and that when the coast line is completed extensive machine shops will be constructed.

William A. Clark, a section boss on the Southern Pacific, was killed in St. Helena, the assassin being his brother. The killing took place at an early hour in the morning in the

kitchen of the house in which the Clarks lived. The deceased man was shot through the head.

J. W. Little, a clerk in the general passenger office of the Southern Pacific Company, was found in a semi-conscious condition in a doorway on Turk street, San Francisco. He had taken poison and when relieved of it he stated that he attempted suicide because his wife had deserted him.

Word has been received at Los Angeles that John Denair, Superintendent of the Arizona Division of the Santa Fe Railway, was badly injured by falling rocks in the tunnel on that division which was burned out some days ago. A mass of earth and rock became dislodged overhead and fell upon him.

August Nickerson, a sailor, died a few days since at Port Townsend, Wash., after living eleven days with a broken neck. Nickerson, who was a seaman on the bark Caryphene while off Cape Mendocino eleven days ago, fell from the main yard through a hatch to the hold of the vessel, a distance of forty-eight feet.

The regular summer school which has heretofore been held at Stanford University during the summer vacation will not be held the coming summer and probably not for some years. This has been decided upon because the University cannot carry on the school without charging fees, which is a practice that it is desired to avoid.

Postmaster Matthews of Los Angeles has received a letter from the Second Assistant Postmaster-General, saying the department had decided to establish a mail delivery and collection service on the electric railroad, which now extends from Altadena on the foothills, to Santa Monica, on the seashore, taking in Pasadena, Los Angeles, Sycamore Grove and numerous smaller points. Special mail cars will be put on to make at least eight rounds a day, making a complete suburban mail service.

CONGRESSIONAL NOTES.

McKenna has been confirmed by the Senate as a Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court.

The President has sent in the name of T. W. Leydecker for postmaster of Alameda, Cal.

The appointment of Governor Griggs of New Jersey to be Attorney-General has been confirmed by the Senate.

Plans are being made for a complete system of coast defense, and appropriations will be asked for fortifications and big guns.

The House Committee on Territories has killed the bills for the admission of Arizona and New Mexico, and also of Oklahoma and Indian Territory as one State.

Senator Vest has reported a substitute national quarantine bill which will place all quarantine business directly under the control of the federal government.

The petitions from the Los Angeles chamber of commerce relative to an increase of the army establishment, were presented in the senate by Mr. Perkins.

Senator Stewart has introduced a bill which permits settlers with imperfect titles to lands included in forest reserves to substitute other lands of equal area outside of reserves and credits them with work, improvements and residence on the lands surrendered.

LATEST NEWS NOTES.

Japan has ordered a fleet of nine warships to Chinese waters.

A new ten-stamp custom mill is being put up at Victor, San Bernardino county.

Frank B. Johnson, managing agent, and W. H. Johnson, cashier of the defunct Midland State Bank, at Omaha, Nev., have been arrested on a charge of fraudulent banking. A warrant is out for C. A. Sharp, president of the bank.

As a result of the investigation of the conduct of students in attendance at the Western Theological Seminary at Pittsburg, Pa., three students were indefinitely suspended and five accused men were allowed to remain in the institution on probation.

The Salvation Army proposes to establish an outrider system in Arizona, the same as they have had in successful operation in California. Prescott is proposed as the headquarters for the riders, who will travel from camp to camp holding services.

The action of Richard Croker's brother, manager of the Cork and South Coast Railway, in arbitrarily dismissing a signal man, has provoked a strike which threatens to spread throughout all Irish railways, says the Dublin correspondent of the New York World.

While looking up evidence against W. H. Bloss, a ticket broker, the police have found in one office in Chicago bogus passes, mostly editorial, which apparently represented \$50,000, that had been secured from unsuspecting strangers. The discovery has led to the belief that a band of swindlers in the guise of ticket brokers is in existence in Chicago, and reaping a harvest by the sale of bogus tickets.

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

Condensed Telegraphic Reports of Late Events.

BRIEF SPARKS FROM THE WIRES.

Budget of News For Easy Digestion—All Parts of the Country Represented—Interesting Items.

The total loss by the recent fire at Spencer, Ind., is placed at \$30,000. The body of L. Deckerson was found in the ruins.

Chris Merry, who brutally murdered his wife on November 19th, in Chicago, has been found guilty and sentenced to hang.

All proclamations offering rewards for the apprehension of criminals in Arizona made by Gov. McCord's predecessors, have been revoked.

Trains 17 and 52 of the Atlantic Coast line collided eighty miles west of Charleston, South Carolina recently. Two colored firemen were killed.

Professor William Libbey of Princeton University, New Jersey, proposes to conduct a scientific expedition to the Hawaiian islands during the coming summer.

Charles T. Parsico, the actor, famous for his presentation of "My Partner," in conjunction with Louis Aldrich, died at his home in New York city recently.

The employees of the Wheeling, West Virginia, steel plant in Benwood, about 500 in number, have been notified of a reduction in wages of from 12 to 25 per cent.

William E. Bright, ex-Superintendent of the State Institute for the Blind at Nebraska City, Nebraska, has been arrested on a charge of misappropriating State funds.

Assistant Secretary Vanderlip has decided to require inspectors of hulls and their assistants and inspectors of boilers and their assistants to pass a civil service examination.

Virgil Gallaher, of Galveston, Texas, charged with killing his mother last August, has been convicted and sentenced to pay the death penalty. Gallaher is a medical student 20 years of age.

John McGowan, a young teacher of the Caudle school, in the northern portion of Alexander county, Ill., has died from injuries inflicted by two pupils, who waylaid and beat him because they were chastised.

Miss Lillie Rice, a school teacher, of Hutchinson, Kans., 31 years of age, recently sued Alexander Dade, aged 73, for \$10,000 damages for breach of promise of marriage. The jury has awarded her \$900.

On an Erie Railway train near Wilson, O., Special Officer McNabb was attacked by four tramps and pelted with iron ore. He shot Alfred Green and John Green. The former is in the hospital, and will die.

Gustav Walter, who controls vaudeville theaters in San Francisco, Los Angeles and Sacramento, Cal., has leased the well-established playhouse in Kansas City, known as the Ninth-street Theater, in Kansas City, Mo. He will secure possession on February 6th.

Edward Shannon, the wife murderer, has been sentenced at Belvidere, Ill., to be hanged February 11th. Shannon is over 70 years of age. Asked if he had anything to say, he tremblingly rose to his feet and feebly told how he had saved the life of State's Attorney Wright when the latter was a boy.

Jefferson, alias Jack Knight, of Pensacola, Florida, has been hanged at Mobile, Ala., for the murder of Frank Dantzer. This was one of the series of killings which caused great excitement in Mobile at the close of last July, and Knight was placed in jail with great difficulty. He made a full confession.

Information has been received at Wichita, Kan., that four arrests have been made for the burning of the two Seminole Indians, McGieesey and Sampson, near Earlboro, I. T. It is stated that two of the men, named Martin and Hull have confessed giving information as to members of the mob. The information comes through trainmen and is not confirmed.

M. Gallia has arrived from Paris to study economic questions, in order to make, through the newspapers he represents, the necessary propaganda in France with a view of preparing the public spirit there to establish closer commercial relations between the United States and France. He will remain in this country several months.

Rev. T. Dewitt Talmage, the noted divine of Washington, D. C., and Mrs. Elora McCutcheon Collier of Allegheny City were united in marriage recently at the McCutcheon residence on Irvin avenue in Pittsburg, Pa. She is 40 years old, while her husband celebrated his 66th birthday several months ago. The present Mrs. Talmage is the reverend gentleman's third wife, his second having died several years ago.

J. L. WOOD,

Carpenter and General Jobbing Work.

Estimates Made, Plans Drawn.

Orders Solicited.

FRANK MINER,

Contractor FOR

Grading and Teaming-work

OF ALL KINDS.

No. 1 Crushed Rock for Roadways, Sidewalks and Concrete. Shells for Sidewalks. Sand for plastering. Sand and Gravel for Concrete.

ORDERS SOLICITED.

Office and Stables, Lux Avenue, South San Francisco, Cal.

The People's Store

GRAND AVE., near Postoffice, BADEN, CAL.

This is the Only Store in San Mateo County that SELLS

Dry Goods and Fancy Goods; Boots and Shoes; Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods; Crockery and Agate Ware; Hats and Caps.

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

Give Us a Call and be Convinced.

M. F. HEALEY,

Hav, Grain and Feed. ** **

Wood and Coal. ** **

ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Moderate Charges. Prompt Service.

LINDEN AVENUE,

Between Armour and Juniper Avenues

Leave Orders at Postoffice.

I. GOLDTREE & CO., Commission Brokers,

(Cassierley's Seven-Mile House.)

SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL.

Commissions executed on all events on the Eastern and Western Race Tracks by direct telegraphic communication.

PIONEER GROCERY

GEORGE KNEESE

Groceries and Merchandise Generally.

BAKERY.

Choice Canned Goods. Smoked Meats.

FAMILY WINES AND LIQUORS.

My stock is extra choice and my prices cheaper than city prices.

My Order Agent and Delivery Wagons visit all parts of South San Francisco and the country adjacent daily. All orders promptly filled.

GEO. KNEESE,

206 GRAND AVENUE.

J. EIKERENKOTTER & CO.

GENERAL :: MERCHANDISE.

GROCERIES, HARDWARE, BOOTS & SHOES, CROCKERY, MEN'S CLOTHING ETC., ETC., ETC.

:: Free Delivery. ::

Our wagons will deliver goods to the surrounding country free of charge. We are prepared to fill the largest orders.

Drugs and Medicines. Prescriptions Carefully Prepared.

J. EIKERENKOTTER & CO.

Corner Grand and San Bruno Ave

THE ENTERPRISE.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM
Editor and Proprietor.

China is sorry now that she ever invented gunpowder.

Perhaps it would be more appropriate to call him President Cham of Hayti.

Young Edison says he has discovered a "photograph of thought." Is it a good newspaper?

As regards the license question, Boston remains an island, completely surrounded by water.

The pension list is a roll of honor. If it isn't it should be. Why should any one object to its publication?

A girl may turn up her nose at the mistletoe idea, but that's no reason why she shouldn't be kissed right beneath it.

Japan rises to call attention to the fact that she didn't thrash China solely for the benefit of Germany, Russia and England.

A Virginia statesman has introduced a bill to prohibit flirting. The best way to accomplish this reform would be to repeal the laws of nature.

A Washington letter says that the new silver certificate will be a work of art. It will take another kind of work, however, to secure one.

A Kentucky man has humiliated himself in the eyes of his fellow-citizens by drinking a pint of gasoline under the impression that it was whisky.

Two New Jersey colored men maining each other over a girl, inculcates the lesson that when one lover wants to cut another out he shouldn't use a razor.

Germany is the greatest beer-producing country in the world. And it's evident when the Emperor William wants to get on his high horse he'd never be satisfied with a pony.

A floating news item says that "in spite of the deadly nature of the folding bed that piece of furniture is more popular than ever." The fellow who makes the folding bed certainly ought to be right in it, then.

A cablegram announces that "Marie Geister, the well-known German soubrette, is making her farewell appearances prior to leaving the stage. She is 69 years old." Retire? Non-sense! She will be transferred to the ballet.

There is much sound sense in the recommendation of the Grand Jury of Kings County, New York, that the office of coroner be abolished, on the ground that said office is of no practical value in ferreting out crime. The allegation that coroners are useless functionaries will apply in other States besides New York.

It appears that a woman who was once the wife of a regular army officer who died years ago without a pension has married twice since the death of her first husband, but as the wife of the third is drawing a pension which has already yielded her over \$3,000. Cases like this afford the opponents of a liberal system of pensions ready weapons for attack.

While the New England cotton mills are cutting down wages and dividends, the cotton mills in the South are running on full time. Indeed, many of them are running night and day. Even with this the orders are far in excess of the output. As a pointer, the announcement is made that the Lynchburg, Va., cotton mill has declared a semi-annual dividend of 4 per cent, on its capital of \$500,000 and carried \$22,000 to its reserve fund. The stock of the Lynchburg mill is held almost entirely in that city.

The clergyman who, a few Sundays ago, whipped out a cheese knife from behind his throat, and another who during his sermon weighted a balloon with a whisky bottle, may have convinced their congregations that drink is both suicidal and debasing, but they seem to have forgotten the rule of rhetoric that such similes burlesque both the subject and the object. Eccentric and "yellow" methods, whether in speech, or journalism, or social life, may enforce attention and excite comment, but are meretricious in character and of doubtful utility.

The Secretary of the Treasury reports that during two years and a half only six American vessels are alleged to have successfully landed expeditions from the United States in Cuba, and of these all but one were small tugs or a pilot boat. Of sixty alleged attempts to land expeditions, forty-three were failures, most of them having been frustrated either by the Treasury Department or by our navy. Only four of them were frustrated by Spain, and the Secretary suggests that if the Spanish patrol of the Cuban coast had been one-half as vigilant as that of our coast by our revenue and naval vessels, no men or arms could have been landed. In five cases the principals in the expeditions have been sentenced to prison by our courts.

The average life of a good voice is fifteen years. Patti's is an exception. So also is Sims Reeves'. Smoking and drinking have ruined countless male voices. Singers live fast, and their voices suddenly become frogs in the

throat. Women suffer all the ailments of the vocal chords, owing to low neck and short sleeves, consequent exposure and late champagne suppers. Jealousy kills a great many voices of the gentler sex. A voice well cared for should last forty years, in which time it should earn no less than \$500,000. Possibly one singer in 500 has a nest egg and saves something for a rainy day. The rest live from hand to mouth—ride to-day, walk to-morrow; feast this week, famine next. They convert a safe investment into a precarious existence.

The Engineering and Mining News, a standard trade journal of recognized reliability, has recently made a careful study and investigation of the gold discoveries in the Klondike regions. As the result it says editorially that the gold discoveries of that section "have been postposterously exaggerated, and practically all the Klondike investment companies now trying to sell their \$1 and \$5 shares of stock to the public are based upon air. Nevertheless they are able to parade the names of persons well-known in politics and in business as presidents, officers and directors. If such men could be subjected to unlimited liability for the results they would not be so scandalously free to lend their names to the first adventurer who comes along." Here is a word of warning which the general public would do well to heed just at this time. There seems to be no doubt that the gold discoveries on the Klondike are very rich. Beyond a question there is room for legitimate investment there to aid in developing the resources of the country. Money may be made not only in opening up the mines, but also in many other lines of commercial activity. But, on the other hand, there is danger of its loss.

Port Arthur, which has come once more into prominence, owing to Russia's occupation of it, was an insignificant village of mud huts until China in 1881 established a dock yard and began extensive improvements. At present its large refitting basin, extensive wharves, formidable forts, with guns of the latest patterns, and the fact that its port remains free from ice all the year make it an extremely valuable acquisition for Russia, which, undoubtedly, has been planning for its occupation ever since the Chinese-Japanese war. No one has believed that Russia would spend \$200,000,000 in building the Trans-Siberian railroad across the Asiatic continent to Vladivostok. Port Arthur has long been recognized as the logical eastern terminus of Russia's great railroad, and surveys in the direction of Port Arthur had already been made before Russia's announced occupation of the latter port. Kiao-Chou lies nearly 200 miles south of Port Arthur and from its situation can easily be closed from the sea by the fleets of Russia, England or Japan, so that it may prove a liability instead of an asset, even though it lies on the flank of Russia's great railroad system in the east. Japan was compelled to leave Port Arthur by the action of Russia, Germany and France in 1905. It remains to be seen whether Japan may not, in turn, make its possession uncomfortable to Russia.

The question of the necessity for or advisability of corporal punishment in the schools is again under discussion in Brooklyn, where a little boy, who died recently, is supposed to have been the victim of this sort of correction. The citizen says that "the boy's hands were struck with a strap, after which he was hit on the lower part of the back with a piece of bicycle tire." It is not known positively that this beating was the cause of the illness (cerebral meningitis) that resulted in the boy's death, but there are those who think it was. At all events, it has occasioned a good deal of talk as to the merits or demerits of corporal punishment in the schools. It would seem, however, that there ought to be no occasion for any talk on this subject, for there ought to be no such subject. The schools are no place for corporal punishment, if, indeed, it can justly be said that there is a place on earth for it. Many there are who concede to the parent the right to beat the child, but it may be questioned that he has a moral right to do so. It is not clearly established that nature made the child either to do right or to be whipped for not doing right, and it is not unreasonable to say that in a very large percentage of cases the parent who uses the rod is moved to revenge on the child his own neglect in the matter of the child's training. Whatever, however, may be thought as to the propriety or otherwise of the parental thrashing, no teacher ought to be permitted to lay violent hands on the pupil. It is a humiliating, a degrading punishment, fit only for the correction of beasts, which have no reasoning powers to appeal to. There are many ways in which a child may successfully be reached—through his instinct of honor or of pride; through the spirit of manliness that is gaining growth in him; through his hope of reward or his fear of merited punishment; through love; through manifestation of interest in him, and through his sympathies, and the gentlest of these ways are, as a rule, the most effective. It is a fact that teachers have achieved great success in dealing with pupils without the use of the rod, and all ought to be compelled to do so, if they can't, to make way for those who can.

The Heat of the Earth.
Lord Kelvin contends that the earth might be white hot 2,000 feet below the surface or as cold as ice fifty feet below without changing our present climate. He attributes the intensely hot climate of an earlier age to greater heat of the sun.

Biggest of Recreation Grounds.
Epping forest is the largest public recreation ground in the world.

FOR SUNDAY READING

THE GOSPEL OF GRACE IS HERE EXFOUNDED.

Words of Wisdom, and Thoughts Worth Pondering Upon Spiritual and Moral Subjects—Gathered from the Religious and Secular Press.

Mystery of Human Life.

His symbolism of storm points out the mystery of human life; over every life hangs a great cloud, and it is the Holy spirit leading men to deeper experiences that drives the clouds away. Mystery faces us on all sides; in science and theology the views of the masters have been changing with the centuries; the old Hebrew thought that in the thunderstorm was an expression of God's voice and possibly His anger, and science has cleared away that cloud and tells us that it is all an electrical phenomena. The mystery about theology is just as deep, and from the idea of God being like man, with almost identical impulses and passions, has grown the pantheistic faith of His omnipotence and omniscience.

Mystery is fascinating in all things. It is the mystery in Tennyson's poem, "In Memoriam," that holds the fancy. To best understand God one would have to get a full sweep of the past and an infinite sweep of the future, and to look at the whole world and see into its destiny. But life is not all a mystery; God has put into every life sufficient light to enable one to see the truth plainly. One looks through a smoked glass at the heavens, and the smoked side is toward us on the human side. Looking into a deep body of water, one may see a reflection of a bird flying in the air far overhead; I have never seen God, but, looking into the depths of human life, I see His reflection. The light streaming into the soul of man reveals to him a divine hope and faith and love.

An artist asking me, "What think you of my painting?" and my answer will show my understanding of art. The same of an author who asks my opinion of a book. But when we ask, "What think you of Christ?" the answer shows our manhood and our understanding of Him. Clouds, after all, are not such bad things; all sunshine becomes monotonous. I think God has darkened our lives that against the cloud of mystery we may paint a picture of Him, of loyalty and love and life.—Rev. Artemus Hayes.

Biblical Geography.
In a recent discourse at the Royal Institution on Palestine exploration, Lieutenant Colonel Conder gave some interesting facts as to the light thrown by modern exploration on ancient Israelitish history. The result of the explorations of the past thirty years has brought about a great change in educated opinion as to the antiquity of civilization among the Hebrews and Jews, and as to the historic reliability of the Bible records. The geographical results of exploration have shown that out of about 500 towns in Palestine noticed in the Old Testament, 400 retain their ancient names and about 150 of these were unknown before the survey of the country in 1872-82. The result of these discoveries has been to show that the topography of the Bible is accurate, and that the writers must have had an intimate knowledge of the land. The existing Hebrew remains are few as compared with Roman, Arab and Norman ruins of later ages. They include tombs, aqueducts and fortress walls, with seals, weights and coins. In Upper Galilee and east of Jordan there are many rude stone monuments—dolmens and standing stones—probably of Canaanite origin, as are the small bronze and pottery idols found in the ruins of Lachish. Sculptured bas-reliefs are, however, not found in Palestine proper, having been probably destroyed by the Hebrews.

Cheerfulness.
I think we are too ready with complaint in this fair world of God's. Had we no hope, indeed, beyond the zenith and the slope Of our gray bank of sky, we might grow faint.

To muse upon eternity's constraint Round our aspirant souls; but since the scope Must widen early, is it well to droop, For a few days consumed in loss and pain. O spiritless heart, be comforted; And like a cheerful traveler take the road, Sing beside the hedge. What if the bread Be bitter in thine inn and thou unshod To meet the fints? At least it may be said, "Because the way is short, I thank Thee, God."—Mrs. Browning.

We Shall Know.
Here, though we work never so hard, we have no assurance that our perplexing problems will be solved; there, we have the assurance that our work will bring the desired solution and make all things plain. The postponements of earth will all be overtaken, worked out to completion, and every dark thing made clear and satisfactory. This long and painful sickness, that sudden and distressing death, yonder trying loss, yonder broken plan, yonder cruel deception—these are to be thoroughly understood. All the black storm clouds of life are going to be rainbowed and shot through and through with transfiguring light and made things of joy and rejoicing forever. You will know then why you failed and why you lost and why you suffered and why you were circumscribed; for you will find all the things

which pertained to you and yours in their proper places in the glorious and all-wise plan of God.—David Gregg, D. D.

A Worldling's Testimony.

Few have seen or known much more of the world's fashion, pride, and vanity than Lord Chesterfield. He was not a religious man, but was gay and fashionable, a pleasure lover and a pleasure seeker. This is his testimony:

"I have run the silly rounds of pleasure, and have done with them all. I have enjoyed all the pleasure of the world, and I appraise them at their real worth, which is in truth very low. Those who have only seen their outside always overrate them, but I have been behind the scenes; I have seen all the coarse pulleys and dirty ropes which move the gaudy machines, and I have seen and smelt the tallow candles which illuminate the whole decoration to the astonishment and admiration of the ignorant audience. When I reflect on what I have seen, what I have heard, and what I have done, I can hardly persuade myself that all that frivolous hurry and bustle of pleasure in the world had any reality; but I look upon all that is passed as one of those romantic dreams which opium commonly occasions, and I do by no means desire to repeat the nauseous dose."—The Christian.

Ascription.
O Thou who hast beneath Thy hand The dark foundations of the land— The motion of whose ordered thought An instant universe hath wrought;

Who hast within Thine equal heed The rolling sun, the ripening seed, The azure of the speedwell's eye, The vast solemnities of sky;

Who hear'st no less the feeble note Of one small bird's awakening throat, Than that unnamed, tremendous chord Arcturus sounds before his lord;

More sweet to Thee than all acclaim Of storm and ocean, stars and flame, In favor more before Thy face Than pageantry of time and space.

From All Parts.
There are 150 members of the Y. M. C. A. in the Carlisle Indian School.

The diocese of the Bishop of Mashonaland is six times as large as the whole of Great Britain and Ireland.

Philadelphia can boast of having more Methodists than any other city of the world. She has more than 40,000.

By order of the General Assembly, ministers in Ireland are celebrating the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the shorter catechism.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church has appropriated \$7,000 more for work than last year.

A home for soldiers and sailors is about to be opened in Hong Kong by the Salvation Army and an experienced naval officer placed in charge.

At the Gowa station of the Scottish Baptist Industrial Mission in Central Africa fifty acres of land has been planted in coffee, which will bear fruit in 1898.

On a recent Sunday, when the Bishop of Liverpool was indisposed and unable to keep his appointment to preach in a church in that city, the lessons were read by the Mayor of Liverpool.

The National Council of the Christian Endeavor Society has taken steps to secure the Crystal Palace and other large buildings in London for the meeting of the international convention in 1900.

Recently an application was made in a New Jersey court to restrain a minister from baptizing a convert. The applicant is a Jew, whose daughter had married a Christian and was about to be baptized.

In the girls' boarding school connected with the Methodist mission at Foochow the older pupils take turns in leading in prayer, and Monday mornings give a report of the sermon of the previous day.

The Clinton Avenue Congregational Church of Brooklyn, which recently celebrated its fiftieth anniversary, has, in its half century of life, given many a million dollars in charity and built a Congregational church for every year of its existence.

It is twenty-five years since David Livingstone died in Africa and his body brought home to rest in Westminster Abbey. Recently it has been proposed to mark the spot at Ilala, Africa, where he died, with a simple stone shaft and metal plate bearing an inscription. The Livingstonia Mission, founded in 1874, was organized as a memorial to this great explorer and missionary.

The Manchester mission (England) has 12,000 in its Sunday congregations, 3,700 persons meeting in class, 1,300 men and women in Bible classes, 600 enrolled voluntary workers, 2,500 Sunday scholars, 1,500 children attending children's services, 2,000 members of the Band of Hope, 2,000 persons attend the gospel temperance meeting every week and 500 mothers are members of the mothers' meetings.

The result of Mormon missionaries in England is said to be wonderful. The number of converts exceed two to one the number attained by Wilford Woodruff in the early part of his life, when 2,000 were led to adopt Mormonism. The greatest success has been achieved in New England, North and South Carolina, Virginia and West Virginia and in California and Oregon.

The Potato Yield.
In this country the average rate of potato yield per acre is placed at 64 bushels, taking the country at large, against 86 bushels in 1896, 89 in 1895, and 62 in 1892.

WILL WALK OVER THE OCEAN.

A Bostonian Expects to Accomplish This Feat Next Summer.

Capt. William C. Oldrieve, of Boston, makes announcement of a remarkable intention. He says he will walk across the Atlantic ocean next summer. He will begin his journey on July 4, and will be accompanied by Capt. William A. Andrews, famous for reason of his voyage across the Atlantic in a small boat. Oldrieve will sleep and eat in Andrews' boat.

The seagoing shoes of Mr. Oldrieve are the most wonderful part of the whole affair. They are really a pair of cedar boxes five feet long, with fins on the bottom and sides. They are very light and are capable of sustaining 140 pounds, but as Oldrieve weighs only 130 they are as good to him as a steamer's deck. In each of these wooden shoes the water walker's feet are thrust deep down, and a rubber garter-like affair is fastened to the leg, thus effectually keeping out the water. Rubber boots reaching to the thigh are also worn. When thus equipped Oldrieve is



OLDRIEVE IN HIS SEA-GOING SHOES.

able to walk many miles and to travel over choppy seas, and even the heavy swell of the ocean.

His theory of midocean walking is to slide down the side of a big swell and wait for the next one to lift him up. In this way he says it really requires less exertion to walk on water far out at sea than it does in a sheltered bay. He thinks he will be able to walk from 500 to 1,000 miles across the Atlantic in a period of 40 to 90 days. As the course taken will be in the path of steamships, he expects to speak many passing vessels and send back letters written while walking in midocean to his friends in Boston.

BEACON IN A FOG.

London Policemen to Be Topped Off with an Electric Light.

One who has never encountered a London fog has no conception of just what it is, but it is a fact that it frequently happens that a person will get lost trying to find his way across the street. In such a position one is liable to be ground under the wheels of many vehicles feeling their way through the almost impenetrable mist. A proposition is now being considered to top off the policeman at the "crossings" with an electric light fixed on his helmet. The glass is of a peculiar reddish tint, which shade is said to shine out a greater distance through the fog than any other color. This will be perceptible when the policeman himself is out of sight, and will act also as a guide, as he stands at his post in the middle of two busy thoroughfares, to



LONDON POLICEMAN'S FOG SIGNAL.

the stranded wayfarer, just as the coast light does to the tempest-tossed vessel. It will also be a means of preventing the running down of policemen, as has occurred several times, by wagons. The light will be supplied by batteries carried in the coat pocket.

Railroad Logic.

A sleeper is one who sleeps. A sleeper is that in which the sleeper sleeps. A sleeper is that on which the sleeper which carries the sleeper while he sleeps runs. Therefore, while the sleeper sleeps in the sleeper the sleeper carries the sleeper over the sleeper which carries the sleeper until the sleeper which carries the sleeper jumps off the sleeper and wakes the sleeper in the sleeper by striking the sleeper under the sleeper.

Where Blue Law Rules.

An ordinance being enforced in Newbern, N. C., prohibits anyone, proprietors and employees included, from going in or out of a place of business between Saturday midnight and Sunday midnight.

The poetical muse sometimes keeps the poet awake, but it is the mews of the cat that disturb the slumbers of other people.

THE SULTAN OF TURKEY.

Ex-Minister Terrell Pays Tribute to His Charm of Manner.

Hon. A. W. Terrell, lately United States Minister at Constantinople, contributes "An Interview with the Sultan" to the Century. Mr. Terrell says:

"The Sultan is over fifty years old, of medium height, with clear olive complexion, dark hair, high forehead, and large dark-brown eyes. The habitual expression of his face is one of extreme sadness. Though the pashas who attend his palace when ministers or ambassadors are entertained are decorated with regal splendor, he always appears in plain garb, wearing a red fez, a frock-coat and trousers of dark-blue stuff, and patent-leather shoes. A broad service-sword with steel scabbard, which he holds sheathed in his hand, completes the costume. Sometimes a single decoration is worn on his breast. When he is seen thus plainly attired in the throne-room of his palace, on the first day of the feast of Bairam, seated on an ottoman covered with cloth of gold, to receive the congratulations of his civil and military chiefs, who are all radiant in uniforms and decorations, the contrast is very striking. No Christians but those of the diplomatic corps ever witness this impressive ceremony, which is conducted with the order that distinguishes a military review, but with an Oriental severity that an American finds it difficult to understand. On such occasions Osman Pasha stands at the Sultan's left, holding a cloth-of-gold scarf, which all reverently kiss after saluting their ruler.

No sovereign in Europe is more courtly or refined in entertaining his guests, and few can be more agreeable in conversation. In his personal intercourse with foreign representatives he is alike free from that stilted dignity which repels confidence, and from that absence of real dignity which invites familiarity.

When I first dined at the palace, the Sultan sat at the head of the table, with Mrs. Terrell at his right and myself at his left. Osman Pasha, Ismail Pasha, the former Khedive of Egypt, the Grand Vizier, and other ministers were the other guests.

Nothing could excel the excellence of the cuisine of which he partook with his guests, the table-service and decorations, the magnificence of the dining-room, or the excellence of his wines, which always remain untasted except by Christian guests. Each pasha wore the insignia of his rank, blazing with stars and decorations, while the plain costume of the Sultan was alone in harmony with my own. No armed men stood guard at the palace doors, and except a detail from the Imperial Guard, who always salute a foreign representative on his arrival, no soldiers have ever been seen by me within the palace walls on any of the occasions when I have dined there.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

How He Manages to Eke Out an Existence on His Salary.

In a letter to the Chicago Record from London, Wm. E. Curtis writes: "In addition to his allowance of £40,000 a year from parliament, the Prince of Wales receives the revenues of the duchy of Cornwall, which amounted to £62,000 last year. Under an ancient law he also has a royalty upon all the tin coinage of Great Britain, and he, like his brothers and brothers-in-law, receives the pay and allowances of an admiral, a general, a field marshal, the colonel of several regiments and many other perquisites, which bring his income up to about £125,000, or \$625,000 a year. His children, the Duke of York and the Princesses Louise, Maud and Victoria, divide £36,000 among them, which raises the family allowance to about \$800,000 a year. In addition to this his royal highness has the use of Marlborough house in the city and several other royal residences in different parts of the country. Sandringham house, in Norfolk, is his own private property. The Prince of Wales has an appropriation from parliament every year for maintaining these palaces, and the salaries of all his attendants are paid by the government, except the private servants of his household. Under the marriage contract, which was ratified by parliament, if the Prince of Wales should die his widow would continue to receive an annuity of £30,000 a year and a house to live in.

The Mosquito's Sting.

The bill of a mosquito is a complex institution. It has a blunt fork at the head, and is apparently grooved. Working through the groove, and projecting from the angle of the fork, is a lance of perfect form, sharpened with a fine bevel. On either side of the lance two saws are arranged, with their points fine and sharp, and the teeth well defined and keen. The backs of these saws play against the lance. When the mosquito alights, with its peculiar hum, it thrusts its keen lance, and then enlarges the aperture with the two saws, which play beside the lance until the forked bill, with its capillary arrangement for pumping blood, can be inserted. The sawing process is what grates upon the nerves of the victim, and causes him to strike wildly at the sawyer.

Cannon Ball Fired in 1882.

Edwin S. Hunt, of Essex, Conn., has a cannon ball which was found where the old Saybrook fort was once located, just north of the Valley railroad station at Saybrook Point. The ball was fired from a British ship in the river during the war of 1812.

Short Rations in India.

Few people in India eat more than twice a day and thousands only once. Along about half-past one on a winter night, the wind howls as desolately as a lonely dog.

A Well Used Cradle.
The Chicago Inter Ocean says: "Mordecai Hardesty, the first white child born in Indianapolis, was rocked through infancy in a cradle in the possession of Mrs. Brandt, wife of the Rev. J. L. Brandt, pastor of the Christian tabernacle of Valparaiso, Ind. The cradle is known to be 106 years old. It was brought from Virginia to Indiana at an early day. Altogether 40 sons of Indiana have been rocked in this same relic, which is still doing service in the home of the Rev. Mr. Brandt. The cradle was hewed from the log, is 3 feet 2 inches long and from its long continued use closely resembles ebony."

HAWAII AND JAPAN.
Despatches from Washington state that there are about to be important developments in the Japanese imbroglio with the government of the Hawaiian Islands. However this may be, certain it is that the disturbance of the stomach caused by simple indigestion will develop into chronic dyspepsia unless checked at the start. The finest stomachic is Fletcher's Stomach Bitters, which promptly rectifies gastric trouble, and does away with irregularity of the bowels and liver.

"SOMEBODY is trying to prove that society is responsible for murders." "Well, that's wrong; society is made up of people who want to kill one another and never do."

CATARH CANNOT BE CURED
With LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.
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AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.
We are asserting in the courts our right to the exclusive use of the word "CASTORIA," and "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," as our Trade Mark. I, Dr. Samuel Pitcher, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER on every wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA" which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years. Look carefully at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought, and has the signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER on the wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.
March 8, 1897. SAMUEL PITCHER, M.D.

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It's the quality that's high in TEA GARDEN DRIPS, TONGUE'S MARIE SYRUP and FINEST LOUISIANA MOLASSES. For sale by first-class grocers in cans only. Money refunded if goods are not satisfactory. Don't accept an imitation. See that the manufacturer's name is lithographed on every can.
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I believe my prompt use of Piso's Cure prevented quick consumption. —Mrs. Lucy Wallace, Marquette, Kans., Dec. 12, '95.

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JOHN KEATS.

A Poet's Gentle Life That Was Terminated All Too Soon.

In the days of Keats, Hampstead and Highgate were still capable of having an individuality of their own and of teeming with interesting associations. Part of their celebrity arises from those associations thus formed. Leigh Hunt, visiting those scenes before his death, would point to the wooden seat where he and Keats or he and Shelley sat when such a poem was recited or to the path through the fields where Coleridge took leave of him and Charles Lamb, who would stutter some witticism at parting.

John Keats was born in Moorsfield, London, 1795, and at the age of 15 was left an orphan, when he entered upon a five years' apprenticeship in a surgeon apothecary shop at Edmonton. From his youth he showed a passion for music and poetry and spent all his leisure moments in poring over books. After reading "The Faerie Queene" he would talk of nothing but Spenser. He learned whole passages by heart, which he would repeat and dwell upon with ecstasies of delight. His first poetical composition, written at the age of 17, was entitled "In Imitation of Spenser." From that time it seemed that Keats lived only to read poetry and to write it. He luxuriated in the thoughts of poets, talked about them and read them to his friends.

Before Keats' apprenticeship was over it was evident that he would not persevere in becoming a surgeon. At 20 he entered a hospital as a student, but soon gave it up and found more congenial society with Leigh Hunt, Shelley, Goodwin, Haydon and others. Keats signified his accession to this literary group by publishing in 1817 a small volume of poems. Hunt describes him at this time as being under medium height, with shoulders very broad for his size. His face, strongly cut, yet delicately mobile, denoted determination and sensitiveness. His entire expression was of eager power, and he plainly showed his emotions. Wordsworth alone he seemed to look upon as a sublimity among contemporary poets.

In 1817 he left London to lead a quiet, thoughtful and busy life on the Isle of Wight, returning a year later with four books of his "Endymion" completed. In 1820 he was seized with the fatal malady, the knowledge of which had been his fearful secret for some years. After a few months, during which he seemed partly to fight with death as one to whom life was precious and partly to long to die as one who had nothing to live for, he was taken to Italy and there breathed his last at Rome, February, 1821, at the age of 25.

He had wished for "ten years of poetic life," but not half that term had been allowed him. Crowded into his short life was much of interest with his ambitions, his high ideals and his talents, and he had lived the ordinary age of man many think that he would have been one of the greatest poets.—Exchange.

A Delightful Picture.

A homelike picture of Mrs. Washington and her favorite granddaughter is given by Mrs. James Gibson, who frequently visited her when, as the president's wife, she resided in Philadelphia, then the capital of the United States. Mrs. Gibson's language is quoted by Miss Wharton in her "Martha Washington."

Mrs. Washington was in the habit of retiring at an early hour to her own room, unless detained by company, and there, no matter what the hour, Nellie (Miss Custis) attended her.

One evening my father's carriage being late in coming for me, my dear young friend invited me to accompany her to grandmother's room. There, after some little chat, Mrs. Washington apologized to me for pursuing her usual preparations for the night, and Nellie entered upon her accustomed duty by reading a chapter and a psalm from the old family Bible, after which all present knelt in evening prayer.

Mrs. Washington's faithful maid then assisted her to disrobe and lay her head upon the pillow. Nellie then sang a verse of some sweetly soothing hymn, and then leaning down received the parting blessing for the night, with some emphatic remarks on her duties, improvements, etc. The effect of these judicious habits and teachings appeared in the granddaughter's character through life.

Sad Misunderstanding.

"It was all I could do to keep from laying violent hands on him," said the keeper of the high class cafe as the pale young man departed. "The idea of his calling this place a 'beauty'!"

"He meant to pay you a compliment," said the listener. "Are you not aware that he is a Bostonian?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Though Rome is called the Eternal City, the name by right belongs to the city of Damascus, in Syria, which is the oldest city in the world. As long as man has written records the city of Damascus has been known.



TELL HER SO.

Amid the cares of married life, In spite of toil and business strife, If you value your sweet wife, Tell her so!

Prove to her you don't forget The bond to which your soul is set; She's, of life's sweets, the sweetest yet— Tell her so!

When days are dark and deeply blue, She has her troubles, same as you; Show her that your love is true— Tell her so!

There was time you thought it bliss To get the favor of one kiss; A dozen now won't come amiss— Tell her so!

Your love for her is no mistake— You feel it, dreaming, or awake— Don't conceal it! For her sake, Tell her so!

Don't act, if she has passed her prime, As though to please her were a crime; If e'er you loved her, now's the time— Tell her so!

She'll return, for each caress, An hundredfold of tenderness! Hearts like hers were made to bless! Tell her so!

You are hers, and hers alone; Well you know she's all your own; Don't wait to "carve it on a stone"— Tell her so!

Never let her heart grow cold— Richer beauties will unfold; She is worth her weight in gold! Tell her so!

—Detroit Free Press.

Dreyfus' Wife.

Madame Dreyfus, wife of the exiled French army officer, is convinced of her husband's innocence, and said in a recent interview: "As husband, father,



MADAME DREYFUS.

er, soldier, friend, he has always been above reproach. Honorable, gentle, kind; his life moral, his conduct upright. I cannot, cannot understand it. I cannot understand why he, of all men, should have been made a mark for this frightful, odious charge."

Lives by Tuning Pianos.

Traveling around the country tuning pianos is the unique occupation followed by Miss Nellie Jay Hatch, a pretty and attractive young woman of Seneca, Kan. On graduation from the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston Miss Hatch received a diploma in piano tuning, and the course she took in order to secure it was both thorough and comprehensive. She was graduated in 1889, and since then she has traveled throughout the State of Kansas, actively engaged in her chosen profession.

Barred Because She Married.

Because she eloped and was married, Mrs. Sam Frazier of Crescent, a suburb of St. Louis, has been barred from attendance at the high school. Mrs. Frazier was Miss Gertrude W. Lewis. She is 17 years old and would have soon graduated had she been allowed to finish. As it is she will only be allowed to continue at school by special permission of the school board. The next day after marriage the bride went to school as usual. Her secret was too big for her to keep, and the new Mrs. Frazier told several of her schoolmates, under pledge of secrecy, of course, of her changed estate. Young schoolgirls are not expert secret keepers and the romance soon became the gossip of the school. It came to the ears of Principal Bryan. He called the blushing bride into his office and plumped the question fairly at her. She blushed and stammered, but she confessed that it was true she was married.

MRS. FRAZIER.

It is not a generally known fact that the first place in this country where women were permitted to vote was at Newark, N. J. This occurred in 1807, and is the facts chronicled in Gordon's "History and Chronicles of New Jersey" be true, that experiment would not lead a pessimist to believe in woman's efficacy as an agent to purify the ballot. Here is what he says about that famous event:

"An election in 1807 for determining the location of the courthouse is still remembered by the inhabitants as the most exciting recorded in their annals. Sarah an Abolitionist, Sarah Bernhardt is a total abstainer from all alcoholic drinks, and to this she attributes much of her wonderful energy and mental power. Her favorite beverages are milk and water.

The contest was between Newark and Day's Hill. By a construction given to the State constitution, the women were then suffered to vote, and they seem to have been so delighted with this privilege of exercising their wills that they were unwilling to circumscribe it within the legal limit, many ladies voting, we are told, seven or eight times under various disguises."

New Footwear.

These shoes are the latest novelties. The high shoe in the center is for those who feel uncomfortable in a low shoe. It is cut out in scallops on either side, the lacing thereby revealing the stocking. The shoe at the top is an entirely novel cut, but is becoming to the foot especially when worn with a colored stocking to match the dress. A



NOVELTIES IN SHOES.

glittering embroidery of jet outlines all the openwork strappings of the lace kid, which radiate from a narrow central strap, also wrought with jet. The model at the left laces from the toe right up to the ankle in such a way that the charms of a pretty openwork stocking are displayed to exceptional advantage. At the left of the circle is a dainty shoe in lace kid embroidered with jet. Note the pretty arrangement of the strap at the side.

Cost of a Wife in Fifty Years.
On the occasion of his golden wedding a methodical English husband figured up from his carefully kept accounts what his wife had cost him. He had an assured income of \$2,500 a year throughout his life. Winning his wife, what with presents, engagement ring, and extra expenditure on his own personal adornment, cost him \$500; her share of the household expenses was \$625 a year; her clothing and linen cost \$250 yearly; presents, medical attendance, amusements and summer excursions amounted for her share to \$450 annually. He therefore spent for her in fifty years \$66,750.—New York Sun.

Petticoats.

The petticoat next the gown is frequently as elaborate as the gown itself. It is made of taffeta silk, and trimmed with plaited flounces or ruffles of the same. It is cut with an umbrella flounce, which is faced and bound like the dress skirt. The smaller flounces are sewed to this. To be fashionable, it must match the lining of the gown, though the all-black silk petticoats are always in good style. Less expensive skirts are of watered moiree, and fine brilliant mohair lined. The latter will give far more service than the silk skirts, and may be made very dressy with silk ruffles.

Eye Cosmetic.

Spanish women use a simple cosmetic for their eyes which Lola Montez tells of in her book on beauty. They squeeze the essential oil from the skin of an orange into their eyes. The operation is a little painful but very successful, only it must not be repeated too often. If rouge is put on the top of the cheekbone it heightens the brilliancy of the eye just as certain colors lend a glow to the complexion.



ABOUT THE BABY.

The cutting of children's toe-nails is but little understood by nurses; and even mothers give but scant attention to this most important point. Never should a toe-nail be rounded like a finger-nail. The nails must from earliest infancy be trained to grow square, and never on any account be cut out at the sides.

Do not give a child too many playthings at one time. Such a practice tends to develop restlessness. Rather let her have but one, and when signs of discontent appear, show her some new way of playing with it. Her ingenuity and steadiness will thus be encouraged. A child should not, of course, be kept too monotonously with one plaything. If she has a number (variety is good for all, at times), but rather that error than the other; and, by all means, guard against her having a number at the same time. Rather let her play with one as long as she will. Then, before the second one is taken up, put the first one entirely out of sight, in order that it may come forth at some future day masquerading as a new toy.

Sarah an Abolitionist, Sarah Bernhardt is a total abstainer from all alcoholic drinks, and to this she attributes much of her wonderful energy and mental power. Her favorite beverages are milk and water.

Fancy Waists.
Regardless of the disfavor with which fancy waists have been regarded by leading foreign and domestic dressmakers and tailors, it comes from the highest authorities that they will increase rather than diminish in popularity during the coming spring and summer season, for the reason that the Russian blouse effects are found to lend themselves more appropriately and gracefully even to light wools and fancy goods, in silks, satin and silk and wool mixtures, to every kind of dainty diaphanous summer textiles, than to the weighty cloths and furs of the present season. The separate waist has never been favored by dressmakers, owing largely to the fact that while a dressy and often elaborate effect was produced at small cost to the wearers it resulted in a loss of business to them. During two seasons past French and American designers have vainly endeavored to popularize other modes of dress which would oust a style so injurious to the dressmaking business, but opposition has seemed to increase the vogue of the separate waist in all its wonderfully varied and fascinating guises.—New York Post.

Our Progressive Women.

An exchange coins a new word most aptly after this fashion. "Americantitis is a new trouble, or, rather, an old trouble, that is daily growing so much worse and so much more common that it is distinctly noticeable. Americantitis has been defined by somebody who has studied the ailment thus: 'The desire to get on.' " "It is Americantitis that prompts the farmer's daughter to get a college education and make opportunities for herself better than those her mother and father had before her," said the man lately who has been making a study of the 'get on' epidemic that is creating a marked characteristic.

"Of course there are times when the spirit of Americantitis is a good thing. Then it is that we can respect it, and no one will find fault with it in this case, not even our English sisters, who, of all people, have most to say that is not complimentary or encouraging to the hurry and push instincts of American women generally."

GIRLS IN STORES,

offices, or factories, are peculiarly liable to female diseases, especially those who are constantly on their feet. Often they are unable to perform their duties, their suffering is so intense.

When the first symptoms present themselves, such as backache, pains in groins, headache, dizziness, faintness, swelled feet, blues, etc., they should at once write Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., stating symptoms. She will tell them exactly what to do.

GRACE B. STANSBURY, Pratt, Kansas, says:—"I suffered from intense pains in the womb and ovaries, and the backache was dreadful. I had leucorrhoea in its worst form. Thus I dragged along. At last I wrote to Mrs. Pinkham for advice. Her answer came promptly. I read carefully her letter, and concluded to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After taking two bottles I felt much better; but after using six bottles I was cured."

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E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop.

Entered at the Postoffice at Baden, Cal., as
second class matter. December 19th, 1886.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One Year, in advance.....\$2 00
Six Months, ".....1 25
Three Months, ".....65

Advertising rates furnished on applica-
tion.

OFFICE—Postoffice Building, Cor. Grand
and Linden Avenues,
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BRANCH OFFICE, 202 Sansome St., San
Francisco, Room 4, third floor.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1898.

That veteran journal, the Petaluma
Argus, has opened its forty-fourth
volume. Whilst the Argus has at-
tained an age truly venerable, it has
maintained all the vigor and displays
all the fire of youth.

The San Mateo Leader of last week
comes out in a strong and pointed ar-
ticle upon the subject of a railroad su-
burban passenger rate, and refers to
the advantage the towns of Marin and
Alameda county have in this respect.
The Leader's head is level on this
question.

The Teller free silver resolution
passed the United States Senate by a
majority of fifteen votes, and was
promptly taken up and defeated in the
House by a majority of fifty votes.
Both houses may as well go about
other business, for it is evident they
cannot agree upon the financial ques-
tion.

We have received a copy of the 84-
page midwinter number of the Los
Angeles Times.

The big paper is devoted exclusively
to Southern California and every page
of the 84 is replete with information
regarding that grand section of this
great State.

The labor involved in preparing and
printing such a paper is simply im-
mense, and, in this instance the work
has certainly been well and thorough-
ly done.

THE TRICKS OF THE TRUST.

There never was a shabbier bunko
game than that played by the beet-
sugar manufacturers of Nebraska and
California upon the growers of beets.
They have inserted a clause in their
contracts to the effect that if the Ha-
waiian annexation bill becomes a law
the price of the product at the mills
shall go down 50 cents a ton. The
excuse given is that "the admission of
Hawaiian sugar free into ports of the
United States would make that differ-
ence to them." As Hawaiian sugar
enters free now and has done so for
more than two decades, the absurd
falsity of the trust's excuse becomes
apparent. The Nebraska and Califor-
nia planters have a right to regard it
as an insult to their intelligence,
knowing as they do that their whole
sugar industry has been built up with
American ports as wide open to Ha-
waiian sugar as they could possibly be
under annexation.—S. F. Chronicle.

The sugar trust does not fear Ha-
waiian sugar, but it does fear annexa-
tion, for annexation means the speedy
end of contract, coolie and all other
forms of slave labor in the islands.
That is where the sugar trust shoe
pinches, and all else is pretense. What
the sugar trust wants first of all is
votes of Senators and Congressmen
against annexation, and if the big com-
bine can scare the farmers, they count
upon the latter coercing their repre-
sentatives into voting with the trust.

In California Senator Steve White,
by reason of the power of political
sugar, and by virtue of his Leach-
Spreckels-Call coalition, is already a
light and a leader in the ranks of op-
position to annexation.

In Nebraska Senator Allen, good
Populist and declared opponent to the
capitalistic class that he is, has fallen
an easy victim to wiles and sophistry
of the big sugar ring.

Nevertheless, it is safe to say, that
the farmers of California and Nebraska,
who are engaged in raising sugar beets,
know something about the sugar ques-
tion, and that the Spreckels, the Ox-
nards and other sugar trust magnates,
will find that their little flim-flam
game won't work.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Hoke Smith's paper says: "Suicides
continue in spite of Major McKinley's
era of prosperity." Also because of it.
That accounts for the disappearance of
the Georgia calamity party.—S. F.
Chronicle.

We are shocked to learn that Broth-
er Jury, of the San Mateo Leader, is
opposed to the proposed issuance of
bonds for a boulevard. It is true that
he is a young man, and, no doubt, will
live to see the bonds mature, if issued,

but, then, the fact that he will have to
pay them, forty years hence, ought,
not to induce him to follow a course
which may operate to prevent Editor
Cunningham and the writer from rid-
ing, or even walking, over the boule-
vard, while they are able to walk.—
Democrat, Redwood City.

Extracted Combs.

When one extracts for the last time
of the season let the bees clean up the
combs first, says Colman's Rural
World. This may be done either in the
hives or out. The objection to
having it done in the hives is that
sometimes, especially if the brood
chamber is well stocked with honey,
the bees will clean up the dauby cells,
but will put back the honey into a few
of the cells, whereas you want the
combs entirely dry. The objection to
having them cleaned up outside is the
danger of starting robbing. On the
whole, if you are a very careful per-
son, perhaps you will do well to let the
bees clean up away from the hive.

Put the combs in the second story
that contained them, set it some rods
away from the hives, cover it up tight,
and leave an entrance only large
enough for one bee to enter at a time.
If you have a large number of such
combs, say as many as three or four
times the number of your hives, you
may be quite safe in putting them all
out at once and letting the bees have
full play at them. But if you let them
have full swing at them, and there are
only a few combs, if any of them are
new and tender, the bees will likely
tear them to pieces.

Don't take the combs away from the
place where they have been at work,
until they have full time to clean
them, and until several days after
they have stopped visiting them. If
taken away suddenly there is more
danger that they will pitch into the
nearest hive and try to rob it, especial-
ly if it is weak. If you will take this
last precaution, and if your combs are
all old and tough, it may not be neces-
sary, even with a small number, to
allow an entrance for only one bee at a
time. Combs may be kept in a dry
cellar, but it will be better to keep
them above ground. They are then
less likely to mold, and it is a good thing
to let them have a thorough freezing,
for if they are kept over winter in a
warm cellar, there will be wax worms
live in them over winter, very small
to be sure, but ready to grow rapidly
when it gets warm, and to commence
their depredations on the combs.
Freezing kills the minute worms.

Process Butter.

The dairy interest of Southern Cali-
fornia and the local produce trade are
confronted with the serious problem
for competing with a butter mixture,
known as "process butter."

"Process" butter costs at wholesale
17 to 18 cents per pound. It is readily
distinguished by a brand peculiar to
itself, being a heavy O, with a firm's
initials in the center.

The subject of "process" butter is
veiled in much mystery. It is only
made in winter, as warm weather
affects it so that it soon runs down to
the consistency of warm tallow.

The stuff was introduced into New
York, Boston and other eastern cities,
but as soon as dealers found that it
did not meet a hearty reception the
makers looked for other markets, and
are now trying it on California. It is
stated that thousands of pounds have
been shipped to Alaska and colder sec-
tions.

When the oleomargarine makers de-
cry this "process" butter it must be
bad. They describe it as being made
from rancid butter, or any old class of
butter, and grease renovated and de-
odorized with acids. This mixture is
melted up, run through a process which
brings back a possible grain, and is
then re-churned to get the flavor.

Drying Vegetables.

Among the new and important in-
dustries which have developed in Cali-
fornia may now be numbered the dry-
ing of vegetables. Vegetables, like
potatoes and carrots, are poured into
the hopper of the cutting machine,
where rotating knife blades cut them
up into slices a quarter of an inch
thick. After being sliced the tubers
are slightly sulphured in a wooden
chamber. Here great discrimination
must be used. If they are sulphured
too much, the potatoes will taste of the
fumes; if too little, they will not con-
tain enough antiseptic property, and
bacteria attracted by the starch
will develop. A little sulphuring is
absolutely necessary to preserve the
color of the vegetables to some extent
and to prevent decay. The next trans-
mission of the fruit is to the evaporator,
a sort of small Ferris wheel, consisting
of a brick oven with glass windows.
This is revolved close to hot pipes for
a few hours. When this stage is passed,
the potatoes resemble dry chips, and
it takes six or seven pounds of the fresh
to make one pound of the dried.
Onions are so pungent that bacteria
do not take kindly to them. They are,
therefore, only slightly sulphured be-
fore drying. The sight of the tears of
the employees whose eyes are smarting
from the fumes of the onions under
preparation is almost pathetic. It is
not unlikely that further improvements
may soon be made in the drying pro-
cess. It has been suggested that
steam be employed. In such cases,
the starch in the potatoes would be
partly cooked and sterilized, and after
this the tubers could be evaporated as
before.

STAMPEDE GULLY.

HOW A WELL KNOWN RAVINE IN
TEXAS GOT ITS NAME.

A Herd of 15,000 Cattle Stampeded at
Night, and Before They Were Stopped
2,700 of Them Were Killed—Costly
Blunder Made by a Mexican Cowboy.

One of the most desperate stampedes
of cattle ever witnessed by a Texas cow-
boy, says Rev. J. B. Cranfill of Waco,
Tex., occurred in 1876 on the prairie in
the center of which now stands the
town of McGregor. Fifteen thousand
cattle and 25 cowboys participated in
the exciting event. Mr. Cranfill was not
a participant, but he tells the story as
he got it from an eyewitness in The
Independent. Late in the afternoon of
July 4 there had been a lively thunder-
storm that made the cattle nervous. At
10 o'clock at night, however, they
seemed to be sleeping profoundly. Then
the narrative proceeds as follows:

"The stars were all shining, and
there was no cause at all for the arous-
ing of the herd. They appeared to get
up all at once, with a single purpose,
and the roar that was heard seemed to
come from a single throat. The Wilson
brothers and their cowboys who were
sleeping in their camp rushed to their
ponies, who were grazing with the sad-
dles and bridles on, and as fast as the
bits could be replaced in their mouths
they mounted and galloped to the flanks
of the now disappearing mass, headed in
the direction of the Brazos river."

The usual course on such occasions is
to get in front of the herd—a risky
piece of work—and start it to running
in a circle. This attempt was made in
this case.

"Some cattle can outrun others, and
in this case there was a bunch of about
50 fully 20 yards in advance, and to-
ward this leading group the two reser-
vers rode. Of the leading group, also,
some were faster than others, and this
group ran in a diamond shape, with two
immense steers leading all. When Mr.
Wilson and his companion reached the
two leading steers, they began shooting
their revolvers close to them, and in
that way the bunch was made to oblique,
and as the leading bunch of cattle
obliqued the main stampede obliqued,
and the first step in 'milling' had been
taken. By this time the cattle were get-
ting tired. Nearly five miles had been
covered, and the breath of the leaders
was coming short and painfully, but
they were rushing on because the front
cattle at this time knew as a matter of
fact their only safety was in keeping up
the run. Those behind were coming,
and they were in the majority, and the
leaders were compelled to run. There
was real danger for the forward mem-
bers of the stampede.

"In the invoice of articles contained
in the regulation 'outfit' there is always
some kind of stimulants, and but for
the stimulants contained in Mr. Wil-
son's outfit it is possible that the stamp-
ede would have been halted without
disaster. He had a Mexican along, one
of the best cowboys in the southwest.
This Mexican and his horse always re-
minded those who saw him ride of the
fabled Centaur. He rode far forward
and bent over, so that he and his horse
appeared to be one animal. No horse,
however rugged, 'wild and woolly,' had
ever been able to unseat him. This Az-
tec had been to the little brandy runlet
too often and had filled and emptied his
tin cup with surreptitious intoxicants,
so that his usual excellent judgment
went awry. When he succeeded in get-
ting mounted, after having fumbled
with his bridle a good deal, he was far
in the rear, and the stampede had gone
past him, so that when he overtook the
rear end he passed to the front on the
other side and rode on the wrong flank.

"When he reached the head of the
herd, he was just in time to defeat the
maneuver, then under execution, of bend-
ing the moving mass from a straight
line to a semicircle. Revolver in hand,
disregarding the other men, he began
shooting in the faces of the wild steers,
and the effect of this was to straighten
the run and bring the advance straight
toward a precipice. This precipice was
a wash in the prairie, forming a deep
ravine fully 30 yards wide, and in a
shorter time than it takes to tell of this
contretemps the head of the column was
pouring over, a horrible cascade of beef,
plunging madly into destruction while
fleeing from an imaginary danger.

"When Mr. Wilson and his lieutenants
saw that it was impossible to save their
cattle, they saved themselves by dexter-
ously turning at right angles at full
speed and riding out of the way. They
next returned to the flank and held a
council of war. A few seconds decided
them, and all hands commenced shoot-
ing into the herd, the object now being
to build a breastwork of carcasses and
save the rear end from the destruction
that had overtaken the front. The gul-
ly was nearly full of cattle by this
time. They were snorting and bellow-
ing, crashing and tearing, and still
heaping up, and when the firing began
the wounded ones tumbled over on the
others, and in a short time the gully,
like the sunken road at Waterloo, was
bridged by carcasses. The herd surged
up in billows, like an ocean, and bent
now because it could not do otherwise.
The semicircle was formed, and Wil-
son and his men crossed the gully be-
low and rode around the opposite side
and recrossed, and in a short time they
had the cattle halted, forming an im-
complete letter O, and there they stood,
blowing, bellowing, shivering. All
hands remained on watch all night, and
in the morning, when a count was made,
it was ascertained that 2,700 head were
missing. There were afterward 2,700
pairs of horns taken from that gully.
It was called Stampede gully for many
years afterward, and perhaps will al-
ways with some people be remembered
by that name."

Pork was the most highly esteemed
flesh at a Roman table.

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LOCAL NOTES.

News about town.

Our public school opened last Monday.

Send your local news to the Enterprise.

Jno. Mangini of Millbrae paid our town a visit Sunday.

G. W. Bennett of Alameda spent a portion of Sunday in town.

Fresh stock, fancy, dry and furnishing goods, at People's Store.

Mrs. George R. Sneath spent Wednesday in the city visiting friends.

Mrs. Dora Cohen has purchased lot 1, in block 140, from Mr. A. Cobb.

Born.—In this town, on February 1st, 1895, to the wife of Joseph Gibson, a son.

H. W. Walker, Sr., spent a portion of the past week very pleasantly among his numerous friends here.

Our local coal dealers are having their share of trouble, growing out of the coal famine in the city.

Mrs. Elam has opened dressmaking parlors in the Merriam Block, first floor, Cypress avenue front.

Mrs. W. J. Martin and daughter spent Thursday in the city, the guests of Mrs. George H. Chapman.

There is an excellent opening here for a modern up-to-date laundry who'll occupy it and fill their sack?

John Dervin received a very painful cut in his hand from a meat saw while at work in the packing-house last Friday.

Rev. George Wallace will hold services at Grace Church tomorrow (Sunday), at 7:30 p. m. Sunday-school, 3 p. m.

Remember the Journeyman Butchers' Grand Prize Masquerade Ball will be given in their hall two weeks from this evening.

Warren and O'Malley's big rock teams continue steadily hauling rock to the new Spring Valley pumping station near Millbrae.

H. M. Hawkins, superintendent of the Jersey Farm, has purchased the "Dick Smith" residence property on Grand avenue.

Mr. James Goggin has bought lot No. 37, in block No. 101, fronting on Grand avenue, and will build a residence thereon.

Grading at the W. P. Fuller factory site is being pushed forward vigorously. Mr. Kelsa has sublet the contract for the bulk-heading.

Mr. Chris Hynding of Redwood City has spent a portion of the past week in our town looking after his real estate investments at this place.

Mrs. Prof. Muller of San Francisco and her son, Mr. Emil Kuhl, spent Sunday in our little town the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham.

Mr. Herman Gaerdes left on Wednesday morning to attend the funeral of his brother-in-law, Mr. Metz, prominent business man of Alameda.

A Klondike party with a band of forty pack mules for the northern gold fields, passed through this place for San Francisco on Wednesday morning.

Frank Clawson has improved and ornamented the grounds at his residence, on Commercial avenue, the past week, by planting fruit trees, shade trees, shrubs and flowers.

Mr. W. J. Martin yesterday purchased from D. Pratt the easterly one-half of lot 3, in block 124. He also bought from I. Hall lot 26, in block 125, opposite the Baden Hotel.

Work on the new bulkhead and slip for the Fuller Co. will be commenced early next week. Mr. Cyrus Dam, the man who constructed all the bulkhead work along the canal, will be superintendent of construction.

Now that the Journeymen Butchers have a well-appointed hall of their own and a well-filled treasury, would they not find it greatly to the advantage of the association to establish a cozy reading-room for the use of members?

Preliminary steps have been taken by some of our citizens towards incorporating a local building and loan society. An opportunity will be given to all desiring to take stock to join the association as soon as the incorporation has been perfected.

John Lennon, of Colma, has the contract for hauling 200,000 feet of lumber for constructing a grand-stand and clubhouse at the new coursing park near Colma now being surveyed and laid out by County Surveyor Gilbert. Emmet V. Sullivan, owner of the largest kennel of hounds in the State, is to be at the head of the enterprise. It is expected that the park will be formally opened on Washington's birthday.—Coast Advocate.

On Monday next the Board of Supervisors will issue a call for an election to vote county bonds as follows: For the construction of a boulevard from the San Francisco county line, following as nearly as practicable the line of the Mission San Jose Road to the Santa Clara county line and for a road from the line of San Francisco county along the coast to the line of Santa Cruz county, \$310,000. For a county court house, \$50,000, and for refunding the floating indebtedness of the county, 48,000, making a total of \$408,000.

On the night of February 1st a fire, the origin or cause of which, seems to be unknown broke out in the drying-room at the big packing-house. When discovered by night watchman Goggin, the flames were already well under way. Calling to Engineer Frank Clawson and his helper, there being no other employees in the building, the three men began a battle which lasted over an hour, and while the fate of the big plant trembled in the balance, by the most persistent and strenuous

efforts, with the aid of two streams of water, the fire was finally got under control and extinguished.

REWARD!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

BLUE LAWS.

Some of the Peculiar Enactments That Obtained in Old Virginia.

Those who fancy that strict laws were peculiar to New England in colonial days should read some of the enactments of the Virginia assembly.

"It was enacted," writes Professor John Fiske in "Old Virginia and Her Neighbors," that any person found drunk was for the first offense to be privately reprimanded by the minister; the second time this reproof was to be publicly administered; the third time the offender must be put in irons for 12 hours and pay a fine; for any subsequent offenses he must be severely punished at the discretion of the governor and council.

"To guard the community against excessive vanity in dress it was enacted that for all public contributions every unmarried man must be assessed in church 'according to his own apparel,' and every married man must be assessed 'according to his own and his wife's apparel.'"

"Not merely extravagance in dress, but such social misdemeanors as flirting, received due legislative condemnation. Pretty maids were known to encourage hopes in more than one suitor, and gay deceivers of the sterner sex would sometimes seek to win the affections of two or more women at the same time.

Wherefore it was enacted that every minister should give notice in his church that what man or woman soever should use any word or speech tending to a contract of marriage to two several persons at one time as might entangle or breed scruples in their consciences, should for such their offense, either undergo corporal correction (by whipping) or be punished by fine or otherwise, according to the quality of the person so offending."

Men were held to more strict accountability for the spoken or written word than in these shameless modern days. One of the most prominent settlers we find presenting a petition to the assembly to grant him due satisfaction against a neighbor who has addressed to him a letter "wherein he taxeth him both unseemly and amiss of certain things wherein he was never faulty."

Speaking against the governor or any member of the council was liable to be punished with the pillory. It was also imprudent to speak too freely about clergymen, who were held in great reverence. No planter could dispose of so much as a pound of tobacco until he had laid aside a certain specified quantity as his assessment toward the minister's salary, which was thus assured even in the worst times, so far as legislation could go.

SPLIT HER LUNCH.

Sorry Accident to a Stylish Young Woman in a Train.

The passengers on an early morning train connecting with this city were treated to a thoroughly enjoyable scene the other morning. At one of the small stations a young lady boarded the train. She was dressed rather stylishly, but a veil covered a rather plain face. She switched down the aisle like a queen. She barely deigned to glance at the other passengers in the car, and when she did her nose rose perceptibly at the tip in a manner that spread the impression of contempt.

She carried a Boston bag and the air of a millionaire. There was but one seat vacant. This was beside a good looking, nicely dressed young man who was reading a paper.

When she came to this seat, she flopped down heavily and tossed her bag to the seat between herself and the young man. Two seconds later the young man leaped from his seat, and a string of earnest words of doubtful origin fell from his lips like vipers from the lips of the young woman in the fable.

The startled passengers looked to see what had caused this outburst. They saw, and then they laughed. The nice looking Boston bag contained an ordinary, everyday working girl's lunch.

One of its features was a jar of coffee, which had broken in the descent and flowed freely over the young man's new fall coat and trousers.

He went into the smoking car, swearing profusely. She murmured a weak apology and spent her time in mopping up the seat.—Brockton Enterprise.

His Wife Won.

A Georgia man, who was unpopular in his community, insured his life for \$2,000. He took the policy home to his wife and said:

"Maria, here's a life insurance document for \$2,000."

"Thank you, dear," said his wife.

"How are you feeling today?"

"Not well," he replied, "and I don't think I am long for this world, and I want to say to you that when I die it is my wish that you devote \$1,000 of the money to defraying my funeral expenses."

"Mercy on me," exclaimed the wife, "why do you want such an expensive funeral?"

"I'll explain. I'm perfectly satisfied that nobody will attend my funeral, and I want to hire people to go to so much a head. I'm going out today and see what arrangements I can make for attendants on that forthcoming melancholy occasion. If they won't come gratis, why—I'll just hire 'em an give 'em an order on you for the money."

He went forth and at nightfall returned with a dejected look.

"Maria," he said, "it's no use. You can have the whole \$2,000. Just go to my funeral yourself."—Atlanta Constitution.

THE EMPEROR WORSTED.

A Plucky Little Hungarian Girl Got Revenge For Sadova.

The present kaiser would probably not admit that he had often been thwarted in any of his plans, but an anecdote has recently become known which shows that he at least once "got the worst of it," and it is all the more poignant from the fact that he was defeated by a girl.

When the kaiser, who was then Prince Wilhelm, was about 10 years old, he and Prince Heinrich spent some time at Cassel with their tutors, who sometimes allowed the little princes to play with other children. One day when several of them were gathered together it chanced that a little French girl was among the number, and the young Germans conceived the brilliant idea of making her a representative of the country they all so cordially hated. The delightful plan was immediately put into execution, and the poor child was tied to a tree. Then began a fusillade of pine cones, sticks, etc., and whenever anything struck her there was a cry of "Here's for Sedan!" This went on for a few minutes, when a little Hungarian girl, Helena von D—, who was watching, could bear the injustice no longer, and, singling out Prince Wilhelm as chief offender, she threw herself on him. The attack being unexpected, he was completely taken by surprise and fell down, whereupon she began to pound him, crying out at each blow, "Here's for Sadova!"

The prince was fast getting the worst of it, for his little adversary was thoroughly in earnest, when the imperial tutors, hearing the noise, rushed up and separated the combatants. After that the princes were more carefully watched, and Wilhelm had no opportunity to "get even" with the little champion of justice. Some days afterward, hearing that the princes were leaving, Helena went down to the gate to see them go by. As they passed Wilhelm spied his foe, and leaning out behind his tutor he stuck out his tongue.

Helena was the daughter of titled parents, and later she was married to an Englishman. When the kaiser was in London, she told this story to one of his gentlemen in waiting, who in turn repeated it to his majesty. The latter exclaimed: "Is that devil of a girl here now? I would like to see her." A meeting was arranged, but Helena became ill, and so they never met after that one encounter to make friends or renew hostilities.—New York Tribune.

A SAVAGE CRITICISM.

The Teacher's Artistic Cleverness Received a Hard and Cruel Blow.

In one of the Cleveland public schools, one of the primary grade the teacher has been reading Longfellow's "Hiawatha" to her pupils. Of course this is a rather ambitious work for the little ones, says The Plain Dealer, but they enjoy it, and the rhythm seems particularly pleasing to them. When they come to a hard word, the teacher goes to the blackboard and draws a picture to illustrate its meaning. This the pupils find highly entertaining, and it helps in quite a remarkable way to fix the text in their minds.

A few days ago they came to this line in the early part of the poem:

At the door on summer evenings sat the little Hiawatha.

"At—th' door on sum-mer eve-nings sat th' lit-tle"—read the children.

"Go on," said the teacher.

But they couldn't go on. The name of Hiawatha was too much for them. They knew who Hiawatha was, but they didn't recognize his name. So the teacher went to the board and took considerable pains in drawing:

First.—A wigwam with poles sticking up above it, and a rude aboriginal drawing above it, and a rude aboriginal painting on the side.

Second.—Little Hiawatha, with feathers in his hair, squatted at the wigwam door.

Third.—A fine harvest moon.

Then she pointed at Hiawatha and asked what it was.

There was a general craning of necks and shaking of heads.

"Come, come," said the teacher, "you know what that is."

"Then one little girl spoke up: 'I guess it's a mud turtle.'"

And instantly, with one accord, the class glibly repeated:

"At th' door on sum-mer eve-nings sat th' lit-tle mud-dy tur-tle."

And the teacher feels that her artistic cleverness received a hard and cruel blow.

Stylish Evening Bodice.

The simplest and perhaps the most fashionable bodice for evening wear, says a New York fashion authority, is the full blouse shape of chiffon, drooping over a fitted silk lining, the top cut out in square or rounding fashion, with a full tulle ruche, a narrow band of fur, a fall of lace or beaded revers to finish the edge. The sleeves consist of short, full puffs similarly trimmed. This is a basis for any kind of flower trimming that taste suggests. Rows of shaded pink roses devoid of foliage are in great use on evening gowns this winter, as are maidenhair fern and lilac sprays, laid upon strands of pink or orange satin ribbon not more than an inch and a half wide.

In a Chicago Art Gallery.

"It seems to me the perspective in this picture is faulty."

"The—er—what?"

"The perspective."

"Oh, yes, that part of it is very ugly. It's laid on too thick, and you can buy better frames than that one for \$6 a dozen."—Chicago Tribune.

A Bad Bargain.

"Jane, did you break the china plate?"

"Yes'm. You got fooled on that plate, mum. It's a weak un. It broke the fourth time I dropped it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

TRUMPS AND PIE.

The Way the Rev. Mr. Gately Played a Hand at Whist.

One evening, the evening after Christmas, we were seated at the whist table in our room. Henry and I had had our Christmas dinner with his people, and Mr. Gately had had his at the rector's house. Mr. Gately was assistant at the parish church. The major, poor man, had had no other resource than to sit at Mrs. Buckingham's table.

"What kind of dinner did the duchess give you on Christmas?" asked Henry of the major, who was dealing with quiet precision.

"Colossal," replied the major; "colossal, sir, and familiar."

"Do you mean," said I, "she gave you the same old things, only more of them?"

"Precisely, madam. It is your lead and hearts are trumps." The major had turned the queen. "We had five kinds of pie," he added.

I led some small card of a plain suit. Mr. Gately took the trick, playing a king second hand, and led the king of hearts. I saw the major looked puzzled and frowned.

"Five kinds of pie!" Mr. Gately exclaimed mildly as the hand went round. "Dear me! What ill judged benevolence!" Then, his king having taken, he led the ace and smiled.

"What infernal carelessness!" burst from the major. His queen had fallen upon his partner's ace.

"Oh, hardly that! Surely the intent was manifest—not that I defend the practice, but one could hardly—er—" Mr. Gately leaned forward as he spoke, still smiling, his cards clasped against his breast and his head slightly to one side.

"Confound it, man, I turned the queen when I dealt!" said the major.

"The queen? Oh, yes, to be sure! I fear I am very stupid." Mr. Gately was the acme of devout contrition.—"A Guilty Conscience," by William Maynard Browne, in Scribner's.

PURE TOBACCO.

The London Lancet Says It Is Not Injurious to Smokers.

Referring to the agitation started in France by a society which acts on the principle that "tobacco is always useless, often harmful and sometimes homicidal," The Lancet says: "We agree in so far that we allow tobacco to be sometimes very harmful. It is, of course, a poison, but so is tea, as also coffee—two vegetable products which are consumed by nearly every inhabitant of either England or France. All three can be and very often are abused, but this does not do away with their reasonable use. In these days of rush and hurry tobacco has often a most soothing and restful effect. The tobacco sold in France is, to put it mildly, not good, and although in England it is possible to buy fairly good tobacco it is next door to impossible to get it pure.

"That is to say, it is nearly always scented or treated in some way so as to give it an artificial flavor. Cigars are beyond the purse of any but a rich man, and as for cigarettes the filth sold as such is beyond description. A pure tobacco society would be an admirable institution, and, as for the traders saying 'customers like scented tobacco,' the customer seldom gets the chance of smoking anything else. The truth is that, as in the case of highly scented tea or soap, it is cheaper to 'fake' inferior qualities of stuff than to supply the real thing. To be unsophisticated an article must be of good quality, but the craze for cheapness is ruining everything, and when people buy cigarettes at 36 cents a hundred it is not to be wondered at that they get—well, an inferior article."

In view of these diatribe it is interesting to note that cigarettes are turned out in large quantities by firms of repute at a retail price nearly a third less than the price mentioned by The Lancet.—London Times.

Red Men So Love to Drink.

"I was down in the Indian Territory a few weeks ago," said a St. Louis man the other day, "and business took me to the capital of the Cherokee Nation. There is no country in the world where prohibitory laws are as strictly enforced as in the five civilized tribes. It is against the law to import any sort of intoxicating liquors under severe penalties. The result is that it is a common thing for people to drink camphor, perfume, hair tonics and any old liquor that contains the faintest suggestion of alcohol."

"I actually saw one fellow drink a large swallow of red ink and learned that this carmine fluid was a most popular beverage. A good sized bottle of it could be had for 50 cents, and it was warranted to 'make the drunk come.' It seemed to me that when the Indians were willing to go to such extremes to indulge their craving for fire water that it would be just as well to let them have the genuine article, which couldn't at the worst be half as baneful as the vile compounds they habitually use."—Kansas City Journal.

Her View of the Matter.

"Talking about happiness," observed Aunt Maria severely, "do you know what I think about the matter, John Samuel?"

John Samuel didn't know and mildly admitted as much.

"I just think it all comes down to this—that most nearly everybody's for locking up their house and a searching the world for that contentment they've thrown away in their own lumber room."—Detroit Free Press.

Well Trained.

Old Lady (improving the occasion)—Ah, my poor man, you would not be in this position if you had received an early training in some trade or calling!

Tramp—Don't you talk too sudden about wot you don't know nothin about, missus. No trainin, indeed! W'y, I was in prison afore I was 14!—London Fun.

FERRYBOATS IN THE WAR.

A Veteran's Recollections of One He Saw at Fortress Monroe in 1861.

"It is curious," said a veteran soldier, "how some incident or circumstance may impart to a long familiar object to which we have never given any special thought a significance that makes it always thereafter an object of particular interest. The East river ferryboats impress me in that way now whenever I see one, and this was brought about simply by seeing one of them out of its accustomed waters amid strange scenes and to strange uses."

"This was in the fall of 1861, in Hampton Roads. The regiment that I served in was aboard a transport there, waiting with other troops afloat there to go farther south under convoy of a fleet of war vessels. There was a great number of vessels there of all kinds, steamers and sailing vessels and warships, and they made an impressive show, but certainly the most striking of any one of them on its first appearance was an East river ferryboat, the Commodore Perry. I can see her at this minute as she looked then, moving across the waters of the Roads; she looked so utterly strange and curious there and amid such surroundings. But she went here and there with the most perfect confidence, constantly employed in transporting stores and troops and making herself quite as much at home there as she ever had been among the currents and eddies of the narrow East river."

"Other ferryboats were taken down there. A soldier friend of mine tells me that later, in the peninsular campaign, there was a New York ferryboat in those waters that was used as a gunboat, carrying two parrot guns, one at each end, mounted in the gangways, where the teams drive in and out. My own impression is that one or two of these boats went around Hatteras, into waters farther south; but, however that may be, I shall never forget the first time I saw the Commodore Perry at Fortress Monroe, and to this day I never go along South street without a feeling of the keenest personal interest for every ferryboat I see on the river."—New York Sun.

The Bow Hat.

The bow hat is the very latest. It is an indescribable Japanese bow of black velvet, tied as only a Parisian milliner—and that a celebrated one—knows how to tie a bow, ornamented solely by an aigret. Another of these new bow hats has a high Spanish comb of cut jet in place of the aigret. The universal becomingness of the Alsatian bow of some years ago suggests that this one, still more chic, will be an immense success. This is another valuable hint for women of taste who have fairly fingers.

Bad Every Way.

"Thirteen is an unlucky number in all cases," said Jarley.

"I don't know," said Butler. "I'd rather have \$13 than \$12."

"I wouldn't," said Jarley. "If I had \$12, I'd spend only \$12, but if I had \$13 I'd spend \$13."—Harlem Life.

Ethnologists, apropos of the statement that the original inhabitants of America were Asiatics, tell of a Chinook Indian woman found in the last century by Father Huk wandering in the far interior of Asia.

EVERYBODY SAYS SO.

Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, act gently and positively on the kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispel colds, cure headache, fever, habitual constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. to-day; 10c, 25c, 50c. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

A SURE THING FOR YOU.

A transaction in which you cannot lose is a sure thing. Biliousness, sick headache, furred tongue, fever, piles and a thousand other ills are caused by constipation and sluggish liver. Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the wonderful new liver stimulant and intestinal tonic are by all druggists guaranteed to cure or money refunded. C. C. C. are a sure thing. Try a box to-day; 10c., 25c. 50c. Sample and booklet free. All druggists.

BEAUTY IS BLOOD DEEP.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

TWO MILLIONS A YEAR.

When people buy, try, and buy again, it means they're satisfied. The people of the United States are now buying Cascarets Candy Cathartic at the rate of two million boxes a year, and it will be three million before New Year's. It means merit proved, that Cascarets are the most delightful bowel regulator for everybody the year round. All druggists 10c, 25c, 50c a box, cure guaranteed.

TO CURE CONSTIPATION FOREVER.

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic, 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

EDUCATE YOUR BOWELS WITH CASCARETS.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c., 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Market is easy. SHEEP—Desirable sheep of all kinds are in demand at higher prices. HOGS—Desirable hard fed hogs are selling at stronger prices. Provisions are in good demand at strong prices.

LIVESTOCK.—The quoted prices are for less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle, delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

Cattle.—No. 1 Steers 7@7½c; No. 2 Steers, 6½@7c; No. 1 Cows and Heifers 6c; No. 2 Cows and Heifers 5@5½c.

Hogs.—Hard, grain fed, 130 lbs and over, 42½c; under 130 lbs 3½@3¾c; rough heavy hogs, 3½@3¾c.

Sheep.—Desirable Wethers, unshorn, dressing 50 lbs and under, 4@4½c; Ewes, 3¾@4c; shorn ½ to ¾c less.

Lambs.—44½c gross, weighed alive.

Calves.—Under 250 lbs, alive, gross weight, 4½c@4¾c; over 250 lbs 3¾@4¼c.

FRESH MEAT.—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses:

Beef.—First quality steers, 6@6½c; second quality, 5½@6c; First quality cows and heifers, 5½@5¾c; second quality, 4½@5c; third quality, 4@4½c.

Veal.—Large, 5½@6½c; small, 7@8c.

Mutton.—Wethers, 7@7½c; ewes, 6½@7c; lambs, 7@8c.

Dressed Hogs.—5@6c.

PROVISIONS.—Hams, 8½@10; picnic hams, 6½c; Atlanta ham, 6½c; New York shoulder, 6½c.

Bacon.—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 12c; light S. C. bacon, 11½c; med. bacon, 8½c; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 9c; clear, light, 9½c; Extra Family, bbl, \$11 50; do, hfbbl, \$6 00; Extra Mess, bbl, \$9 50; do, hfbbl, \$5 00.

Pork.—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 7½c; do, light, 8c; do, Bellies, 8½@8¾c; Extra clear, bbls, \$16 50; hfbbls, \$8 50; Soused Pigs' Feet, hfbbls, \$1 35; do, kits, \$1 45.

Lard.—Prices are ½ lb:

Tes. ¼-obis, 50s, 20s, 10s, 5s, 2s, 1s, ½s, ¼s, 1/8s, 1/16s, 1/32s, 1/64s, 1/128s, 1/256s, 1/512s, 1/1024s, 1/2048s, 1/4096s, 1/8192s, 1/16384s, 1/32768s, 1/65536s, 1/131072s, 1/262144s, 1/524288s, 1/1048576s, 1/2097152s, 1/4194304s, 1/8388608s, 1/16777216s, 1/33554432s, 1/67108864s, 1/134217728s, 1/268435456s, 1/536870912s, 1/1073741824s, 1/2147483648s, 1/4294967296s, 1/8589934592s, 1/17179869184s, 1/34359738368s, 1/68719476736s, 1/137438953472s, 1/274877906944s, 1/549755813888s, 1/1099511627776s, 1/2199023255552s, 1/4398046511104s, 1/8796093022208s, 1/17592186044416s, 1/35184372088832s, 1/70368744177664s, 1/140737488355328s, 1/281474976710656s, 1/562949953421312s, 1/1125899906842624s, 1/2251799813685248s, 1/4503599627370496s, 1/9007199254740992s, 1/18014398509481984s, 1/36028797018963968s, 1/72057594037927936s, 1/144115188075855872s, 1/288230376151711744s, 1/576460752303423488s, 1/1152921504606846976s, 1/2305843009213693952s, 1/4611686018427387904s, 1/9223372036854775808s, 1/18446744073709551616s, 1/36893488147419103232s, 1/73786976294838206464s, 1/147573952589676412928s, 1/295147905179352825856s, 1/590295810358705651712s, 1/1180591620717411303424s, 1/2361183241434822606848s, 1/4722366482869645213696s, 1/9444732965739290427392s, 1/18889465931478580854784s, 1/37778931862957161709568s, 1/75557863725914323419136s, 1/151115727451828646838272s, 1/302231454903657293676544s, 1/604462909807314587353088s, 1/120892

THE DAYS THAT USED TO BE.

Let me sing you a song of the rollicking days,
The days that used to be,
When the years were veiled in a misty haze
To which we would gladly flee.
When all was bright to our youthful gaze,
No intricate windings, no doubtful maze,
And on each lip a song of praise
That you were alive—and me.

No cross to sustain and no sorrow to bear,
In the days that used to be,
No deed too great for us to dare
When we rode our grandpa's knee.
No harrowing doubt, no chilling care,
No soul bowed down beneath despair;
Then life was happy and life was fair,
'Twas happy for you—and me.

Those glad days we live over again,
Those days that used to be,
When life was all pleasure without any pain,
A joyful mystery.

We hailed with delight each shower of rain,
For we knew that the sunlight would come again,
No grave in our hearts where lost hope was lain;
Then you were content—and me.

Press on, brave heart, through all your woes
And think of the used to be,
For there'll come a time when you'll conquer all foes,
And all life's misery.
When the soul is done with its earthly throes,
And into the haven it gladly goes,
Then once again, as every one knows,
-Boston Post.

BOUGHT AND SOLD.

"Can it be possible?" The words were spoken in an undertone, with a quick gasp for breath, and then the lady stood very still, looking down on the disordered drawer and the letters that lay on the top.

Little bundles of muslin and dimity, alternating with knots of faded ribbon and old lace, were scattered all around, for their owner had been searching among them for an old embroidery pattern; and so she had come suddenly upon the packet of old letters she had stowed away there more than two years before.

The letters were written by Mrs. Fleming's old schoolmate, Amy Norris, and the soft girlish handwriting spoke to her heart a whisper faint and tender from the olden time.

Dear Amy! She had been married three years before, and her station in life was far below that of Mrs. Fleming's; but the lady's eyes grew dim, as she unfasted the ribbon which, for two years, had held together those half-dozen epistles.

Amy's sweet face seemed leaning up close to hers once more, and she saw the old brick houses, with their sloping roofs, where they had lived in the days that would never come back again.

But, as the packet fell from the loosened ribbon, it disclosed two other letters, and these called forth the exclamation, and brought the sudden paleness to Mrs. Fleming's face.

She thought those letters were all turned to ashes long ago—that she had burned them on that terrible night when she buried away all the past. But now she saw how it was; in her haste and anguish she had mistaken the letters, and burned two of Amy's instead. There was no one of all Mrs. Fleming's admirers to see her as she stood by the open drawer, her little fingers moving caressingly over those two letters; and it seemed almost a pity, for hardly ever had she looked more beautiful.

There was so much unstudied grace in her attitude, so much mournful pathos in her young face; and yet it was not best the world should read the story that until that hour had been written and rolled up and laid away in her own heart.

She had not seen his writing for two years; and yet how natural it looked! The bold, graceful capitals, the free, running hand, all had a language for her!

She knew, too, by the post-mark which letters these were, and when they were written—the first, so tender and loving, before he learned that she was about to be married to another—the last, wild and reproachful, afterward!

How she had loved that man! How the past came back to tell her of it! The old red brick house—how it loomed up in the distant perspective, amid the cool summer nights, when she sat under the old portico all grown over with sweet brier, and he sat there too!

But clearest and brightest and dearest of all stood up, in that world of old memories, the new home which they were to have.

It was to be a little white cottage, with green window-blinds and a small garden in front. How she had dreamed about it—and of the flower border running up to the steps!

What a happy loving wife she expected to be in that dear little cottage home—going every morning through a round of delicious household duties; for Harry could only afford to keep one domestic.

And in the late afternoons, when the table was all laid, with its snowy cloth, when she would put on a white muslin dress (Harry liked white muslin), and a few rosebuds in her curls, and she would go out and wait for him at the garden gate.

How his handsome face would light up as he came round the corner and caught a glimpse of her, and a moment later his strong arm would be around her waist, and his low, deep, "My darling Laura!" would be the sweetest sound earth held for her. And, as that quiet domestic picture came up to confront her, the proud, elegant Mrs. Fleming bowed her head on her hands and sobbed like a child.

Then she laid her fingers on the let-

ters with a nervous, timid glance around the room, for the lady's heart whispered that she was doing wrong—that now she had no right to read them; and it was better to lay them in the grate yonder, where the fire was leaping up to fold them in its long, red arms.

"There can't be any harm in reading them over," she whispered, for her conscience needed a narcotic; "it is so long ago, and we shall never meet again."

So Mrs. Fleming opened the letters and read them. I cannot tell how they wrung her heart, particularly the last one, with its wild, frantic reproaches, and the love and the suffering so apparent through all.

"I was not so much to blame as you thought me, Harry," she murmured, as she laid the letter in her lap. "Our property was all melting away, and they told me that you had grown cold and worldly, and I thought I must, too. If the letter had only come the week before, I should not have been—what I am now."

And then she looked around that elegant chamber, and thought what she was now—a wife, bought and sold and paid for, in gold and lands and earthly grandeur. How the thought burned and festered in her proud soul as she sat there!

A wife, loved by her husband as he loved his horses, his dogs, and his houses; loved, but only because her beauty and her grace were the crowning glory, the chiefest ornament, of that magnificent home which was his soul's delight.

The lady looked around her luxurious chamber that morning with a sinking heart. The marble wash stands, the damask curtains, the handsome carpets, looking like a world of Damascus roses, scattered over a bed of snow, were worthy the wife of a millionaire.

And yet the mistress of all this wealth, sitting in her chamber, murmured to herself, "I wish he had never found me in the old red brick house where I was so happy! I wish I stood this very morning in the kitchen of the little cottage we were to have, and that, in a plain cotton dress, I was preparing your dinner, my Harry!"

"Please, ma'am," and the entrance of her maid was a harsh interruption to the lady's monologue. "Mr. Fleming has just sent home the new drab and pink satin for the party next Tuesday night."

Ah me! those old letters! If she had never read them! That party!—if she had never gone to it!

"You have not forgotten me, Laura! I read it in your blue eyes to-night."

Harry Atwood's voice had lost none of its old depth, as he leaned down his handsome head to Mrs. Fleming's as they stood together in an alcove of the conservatory.

Most of the company had left, for it was late, and they were quite secure from observation. Mr. Fleming was not a jealous husband, and he was quite content that others should admire his wife, so that he possessed her.

It was understood that Mr. Atwood and Mrs. Fleming were old friends, so they had nothing to fear from a prolonged tete-a-tete. They had suddenly, unexpectedly, met at the party, and the heart of either was not changed.

Harry Atwood had become a successful lawyer now, and the world honored him. He had forgiven Laura long ago, for he had heard she was more "sinned against than sinning."

"Harry—Mr. Atwood, I mean—I am very glad to meet you and find you looking so well."

The lady's voice was courteous and calm; but her fingers trembled as they played with the carved points of her ivory fan.

"Call me Harry, Laura, for the sake of old times," said he, "and look up to me once, and say you have not forgotten them. Oh, Laura, I have thought how the bright star of this evening's festival once rose over my heart, and then went down for ever. We cannot stay here much longer. Will you not grant me an interview to-morrow night—a private one—in your own house?"

"I cannot, Harry," she replied; "do not ask me. I am the wife of another now."

"And what harm could there be in our walking together for half an hour in your garden?" said Harry. "Your husband would not object to this, for I have watched the man narrowly to-night, and know him well. You could not refuse so simple a request to the veriest acquaintance. We have had many walks together, Laura, down by the old mill and past the meadow pond. Will you refuse me one now?"

He looked down on the fair face, and he saw that tears were on it, and he knew what the answer would be before it was given.

"You may come, Harry," she said.

That walk in the dim moonlight upon Mr. Fleming's beautiful grounds was followed by many another, for the first steps in the forbidden way are usually pleasant ones.

Poor Mrs. Fleming! She meant no wrong; and then she loved Harry, although she tried to conceal this from him; but when he talked of the past, in those low, tender tones of his, her tears would come; she could not help it.

One evening—it must have been more than a week after their first meeting—Harry told Mrs. Fleming that his heart was unchanged; that the old love still lived there—a sweet but mourning memory.

"Oh, Harry! don't, don't! You forget; I am his wife!" murmured the young creature, as she bowed her pale face on her hands.

Then the lawyer drew his arm around her waist, just as he had done in the days that were gone, and said, "You belonged to me first, Laura! Our souls were married before you ever took that false oath at the altar!"

He whispered to her of a flight to

softer skies—of a home fairer than the one they had dreamed of in their youth—of a life that should be one long poem of love. That time she fled from him with a wild shriek of fear and horror.

They did not meet again for many nights. If during that time she had only remembered the prayer of her childhood, "Lead us not into temptation!" But she was so young; and then that affection was the one blossom her life had cherished in the midst of its sterile grandeur.

One night she was standing on the steps of her mansion, for she had just taken leave of some guests, when Harry Atwood suddenly sprang before her.

I do not know what was said by either party, but there were frantic gestures and wild appeals on one side, and a little later Mrs. Fleming was walking among her garden shadows with Harry Atwood.

This was repeated for several evenings, until one midnight a closed carriage rolled hastily away from the private entrance of Mr. Fleming's grounds. The next day his wife was gone!

What an electrical thrill it sent through the fashionable world—for her beauty and her rank had made Mrs. Fleming its especial idol.

She knew little of the censure and scorn that were heaped on her head in the quiet of that Italian home to which she was borne by the man who loved her only too well.

The world said Mrs. Fleming was happy there, but it was false. No woman can ever be happy who makes memory a remorse and love a crime.

But, dear me, how I used to smile when everybody made a parenthesis of pity in their anathemas on Mrs. Fleming—"Her poor husband and parents! My heart aches for them." And, sitting very quiet and listening, I thought, always, "Well, the one bought and the others sold her; and so they had their reward."—Saturday Evening Post.

BICYCLES AND SAVINGS.

How Bank Deposits Have Been Affected by the Purchase of Wheels.

I met the president of a prosperous savings bank in one of the minor cities of the Middle West on a railroad train yesterday, and we fell to talking about the ever-increasing popularity of the bicycle.

"Every one understands, of course," he said, "that the use of the wheel has come to be well nigh universal, and that millions on the back of millions of dollars must be invested in the silent steeds, but you can hardly realize to what an extent they are used unless you are placed in a position somewhat like mine. In a small town, like the one in which I live, the savings bank men may easily become personally acquainted with practically every depositor, and I make it a point to take full advantage of that circumstance. Consequently I am often advised concerning the financial affairs of our depositors, which, though intrinsically small, are of vast importance to them. This makes it all right for me to question depositors now and then about their savings."

"Early last spring I noticed that a number of mechanics who had long been in the habit of making regular deposits and who I supposed had steady employment became decidedly irregular in their visits to the bank. Others stopped depositing altogether, and still others, who continued to deposit regularly, put in less each time than formerly. Naturally, I began to make inquiries, and more than three-quarters of those I spoke to confessed that their surplus money was being used to meet installment payments on bicycles, instead of finding its way to the savings banks. I suppose our bank's deposits must have fallen off some thousands of dollars from this cause, though I haven't taken the trouble to make a careful estimate. In the whole country installment payments for bicycles must have decreased the total savings banks' receipts by very large amounts, though, of course, there have probably been compensatory deposits from workmen in bicycle shops in towns where such establishments are located."—Detroit Correspondence of the Boston Commercial.

Immigration from Europe.

That we live in an age of wonder is proved by the bare statement of figures with regard to the immigration from Europe to this country during the present century. Statistics previous to 1820 were not kept, but it is estimated that between 1789 and the last named year the immigration from Europe to the United States did not exceed 250,000. In 1820 the Government began a systematic collection of data with regard to immigration, and from that time to the close of 1896 17,544,692 people came from Europe and were welcomed on our shores. These figures do not include the immigration to British America, but solely to the United States. The smallest number of immigrants during recent years was 177,820 in 1879, the largest 623,084 in 1892; in 1896 the immigration was 343,267. No such movement of population has ever been known in history. The migration of the German nations over the territory of the Roman empire did not comprise more than 4,000,000 of people and covered 400 years; the exodus of the Jews from Egypt was with 800,000 able-bodied men, or counting five to each family, about 3,000,000 of people. Compared with the exodus from Europe the depopulation of Goshen was a trifle.

The Largest Spiders.

In the jungles of Sumatra the largest spiders are found. Some of the larger specimens measure eight inches across the back, and have seventeen inches of leg-spread.

When a boy gets his first watch he is never satisfied until he can prove that some of the parts are missing.

CUBA'S FIRST CABINET OFFICERS.



These are the men who have been selected to dignify portfolios in the cabinet of Cuba, and their appointments have been announced by Capt. Gen. Blanco.

TWO WORTHY WOMEN.

Miss Goldthwait, Typewriter—John Adams' Descendant a Nurse.

Miss Alice Goldthwait is said to be the most rapid operator on the typewriter, under test conditions, in the world. At an exhibit of expert typewriting given in St. Louis, Mo., a few days ago, Miss Goldthwait, in the test made, wrote 80 words per minute from dictation. In the second test of three



MISS ALICE GOLDTHWAIT.

minutes and ten seconds she wrote 302 words, an average of 95½ words per minute. The dictation was from a sermon and other unfamiliar matter. Another interesting test was in writing a familiar sentence, in which Miss Goldthwait wrote 155 words in one minute.

In a hospital in Philadelphia, learning to be a nurse, is a great-granddaughter of John Adams, second President of the United States and one of the founders of the government. Her name is Miss Emma O'Neill, and, despite the fact that she is scarcely more than 20 years old, she possesses in not a small degree some of the characteristics of the distinguished family of which she is a proud descendant. She is beautiful and much courted by Philadelphia society men, but on her mother's death a year ago she decided to devote herself to ministering to the sick.



MISS EMMA O'NEIL.

GAVE HIS LIFE TO SAVE ANOTHER

Young Man Drowns After Rescuing a Companion from Death.

A story of splendid heroism in a youth who gave his life to save that of his friend comes from Fraserburgh, in Scotland. The hero of the story is St. John Dick Cunyngnam, son of Lieutenant Colonel Dick Cunyngnam, V. C., of the Second Battalion Gordon Highlanders, stationed at Aldershot. Young Cunyngnam and the master of Saltoun (son of Lord Saltoun) left Philorth together, and went to the sea to bathe. Evidently the lads were unacquainted with the treacherous nature of the sands at the point at which they entered the water, for they walked out at once to easy swimming depth. Suddenly both found themselves in deep water, a strong undercurrent having drawn them into one of the many "pots" or pools which constitute the chief danger of the place.

To the lad Cunyngnam the situation was not desperate, but the young master of Saltoun was quickly exhausted and was on the point of giving up the struggle when his companion, forgetful of his own danger and eager only to save his friend, devoted all his remaining strength to the work of rescue. After a desperate struggle Cunyngnam succeeded in getting his friend into shallow water, through which the latter dragged himself in a terribly exhausted condition to the beach.

Turning to thank his rescuer, the master of Saltoun was horrified to find

that he had disappeared. Frantic with excitement, he ran as fast as his condition would permit to some fishermen who were working some distance along the beach, but although they lost no time in making search for the lad no trace of him could be found. He had given all his strength to save his friend, and the cruel sea had sucked him back to his death.—London Mail.

"BIG BEN."

Great Bell Cracked, Broken Up, Recast, and Then Cracked Again.

"Big Ben," so called after Sir Benjamin Hall, who was the first commissioner of works, when the order for the clock was given, was cast in 1856 at Norton, near Stockton-on-Tees.

From the North of England this enormous bell, weighing sixteen tons, was conveyed to London by sea, where it had, on a small scale, almost as adventurous a passage as the Egyptian obelisk which now graces the Thames embankment. Once or twice during the voyage, indeed, it was feared that it would send the vessel bearing it to the bottom of the ocean. Not very long after the clock had been placed in a temporary position at Westminster—on Oct. 24, 1857—and while it was being rung, as was customary for a short time at 1 o'clock on Saturdays, it was noticed that it had a cracked, uncertain sound.

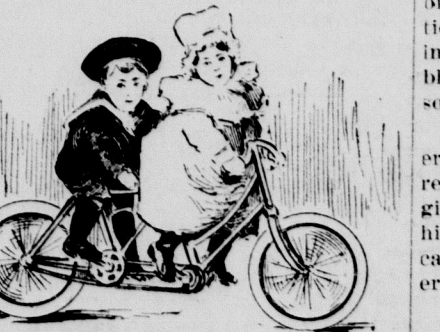
On a minute examination with a lighted candle a crack was discovered to extend from the rim about half way up the side. The catastrophe to an instrument which cost £3,343 raised the question as to who was to pay for recasting it. The founders repudiated responsibility, declaring that too heavy a clapper (it weighed 12 cwt.) had been used. The authorities, however, placed on record that it was "porous, unhomogeneous, unsound, and a defective casting."

Be that as it may, "Big Ben" was broken up and recast at a cost of £700. Its weight was 13 tons 10 cwt. 3 qr. 15 lbs., its diameter 9 feet, and its height outside 7 feet 6 inches. It was rung for the first time on Nov. 18, 1858.

Alas! in less than a year after this the new bell ceased to strike the hours, having become more seriously cracked than its predecessor. The crack, which was inside, was three inches in extent. For about three years afterward the hours were struck on the largest of the quarter bells. The experiment was then tried of turning the great bell round so as to present a fresh place for the hammer, or clapper, to strike on. With a light hammer this experiment proved so far satisfactory that during the thirty-eight years that have elapsed the fissure does not seem to have increased; and it is possible when the wind is favorable to distinctly hear it in most of the suburbs booming out the midnight hour.—London Mail.

Tiny Tandem Riders.

This amusing picture shows the smallest tandem and the tiniest tandem riders in the world. England is the proud owner of the twain. Their names are Doris and Bert Cooke, and they recently rode a mile in five minutes on their diminutive machine. They are never so happy as when bicycling, and



ALL ABOARD.

can pedal away in the most business-like fashion imaginable.

A New Swindling Scheme.
The new villain poses as an author. He writes to the typewriter, saying that he has a great deal of manuscript to be copied, but it is of incalculable value, and he requires a deposit of \$5 security for its safety before it can be forwarded. Once the trusting young woman has forwarded the deposit, the correspondence with the author ends.

The man in the honeymoon is not a myth.

CONTEST FOR VERDI'S HAT.

Clever Proceeding to Secure Possession of a Valued Souvenir.

The other day the Marquis Di Rudini, arriving in Genoa from Monza, where he had been to confer with the king before the latter went to Germany, descended from the train, having twenty minutes to wait. He was met by the city authorities and the station master, with whom he spoke pleasantly, when all of a sudden from an incoming train Giuseppe Verdi stepped down. The station master, seeing him, asked permission to retire to Rudini, who, having given it, looked in the direction in which he was going and himself recognized the great musician. Calling the station master back, he asked him to present him to Verdi, which he consented willingly to do. While asking permission to make the introduction he was followed by the premier, who, bareheaded, hat in hand, advanced with the greatest deference. The Marquis Di Rudini expressed his pleasure at meeting the purest and most vivid glory of living Italians.

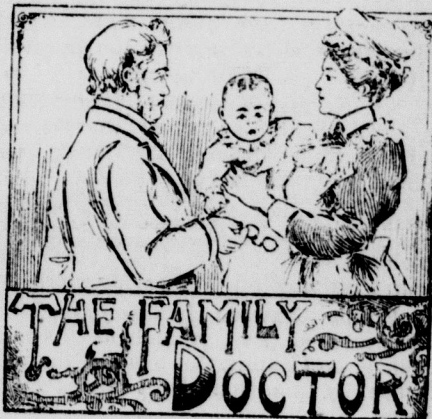
"Never, as to-day," he added, "have I felt so happy in representing all Italy. I congratulate you on your fine health, and wish you innumerable long years of life."

The maestro is as straight and sturdy as an oak, and his strength is remarkable for one of his years. This graceful incident was followed shortly after by a laughable little scene, which reminds one of the two guests at dinner, one of whom saw his companion putting a silver spoon in his pocket, which he decided to gain possession of himself. He began to boast of his cleverness at sleight of hand, and, in being invited to exhibit his skill, rose, took a spoon, put it in his pocket, and, with a flourish, said:

"Please examine the pocket of the gentleman opposite."

After taking leave of the premier, Verdi went to the station buffet, where, on returning to the train, he forgot his hat. A lady and a gentleman who had been watching the maestro all the time, jumped for the hat, but unfortunately arrived at the same moment, each seizing the brim, whereupon ensued a struggle of see-saw, the lady emerging triumphant, exclaiming: "Ah! now I have got, and now I intend to keep it."

At this moment a gentleman who had assisted at the conflict, with apparent growing stupefaction, stepped forward, saying: "But this is my hat." A loud laugh rang out from those present, in which the recent combatants could not help joining. But I leave their rage and chagrin to be imagined when, a few moments later, they discovered the trap into which they had fallen. It was the hat of the great composer.—Mall Gazette.



A dessertspoonful of borine in a glassful of warm water makes a satisfactory antiseptic mouth wash.

To whiten the teeth without injury a simple application is a five per cent solution of pyrozone used as a tooth wash.

Where anise or peppermint fail to cure colic in very young infants, five to ten drops of tincture of cardamon in hot water may have a beneficial effect.

The following are the directions for making a carbolic salve for general family use: One-half dram of pure carbolic acid mixed with two ounces of simple cerate.

For a dizzy, drowsy feeling that becomes permanent a recommended remedy is pure sulphate of soda, a teaspoonful in hot water every morning before breakfast.

Hives or nettle rash are often due to the use of oysters, lobsters, sausage, berries and mushrooms. The eruption may be treated with vinegar or alcohol lotions and baths.

Milk heated to the scalding point and drunk as warm as possible is a great stimulant for a person very weary or weak from exhaustion. It is much more nutritious than beef tea.

Some stomachs will not retain cod liver oil. Sweet cream is a highly recommended substitute, being a nutritious food which can be taken by those inclined to consumption or having feeble digestion, and also by aged persons.

A prescription is the personal property of the person paying for it. The retention of a copy of it by the druggist satisfies all the requirements of his business. The original prescription can always be claimed by the customer as his property.

Hard Plant to Kill.

There is a plant in Jamaica called the life plant, because it is almost impossible to kill it. When a leaf is cut off and hung up by a string it sends out white, threadlike roots, gathers moisture from the air, and begins to grow new leaves. Even when pressed and packed away by a botanist it has been known to outgrow the leaves of the book in which it was placed. The only way to kill it is by the heat of a hot iron or of boiling water.

The largest gold coin in the world is the British five-sovereign piece; the smallest is coined in Persia, and has a value of only 44 cents.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

Quaint Sayings and Cute Doings of the Little Folks Everywhere, Gathered and Printed Here for All Other Little Ones to Read.

A Brave Little Girl.
Just one more kiss for good-night, mamma.

Just one more kiss for good-night, mamma. And then you may go to my dear papa. And—yes—you may put out the light. For I'll promise you truly I won't be afraid.

As I was last night; you'll see, Cause I'm going to be papa's brave little maid.

As he told me I ought to be. But the shadows won't seem so dark, mamma.

If you'll kiss me a little bit more; And, you know, I can listen and hear where you are.

If you only won't shut the door. For if I can hear you talking, I think It will make me so sleepy, maybe. That I'll go to sleep just as quick as a wink.

And forget—to cry like a baby. You needn't be laughing, my mamma dear.

While you're hugging me up so tight; You think I am crying to keep you here, You, and—I guess—the light.

Please kiss me good-night once more, mamma.

I could scarcely my promise keep. If you'd only stay with me just as you are.

And kiss me till—I go to sleep. —Harper's Round Table.

Dr. Junker's Escape.

Dr. Junker, the Russian explorer, who did not see a white person for years while he was studying the natives and natural history of the Upper Mobangi-Makua River, made use of an ingenious expedient to get to the coast on his way home in 1889. He could not descend the Nile, for the Mahdists blocked the way. He could not follow the beaten road by way of Victoria Nyanza, for the Waganda and other tribes had been killing whites, and if they did not murder Junker they would at least detain him as a prisoner. Arab traders feared they would lose the friendship of the native chiefs along the road. At last the doctor went to one of the traders with this proposal:

"You cannot take me with you as a friend," he said, "but you can take me as a slave. Look at this." And Dr. Junker showed the trader an order written in Arabic and signed by a well-known firm in Zanzibar, authorizing the doctor to make any arrangements he desired with the Arabs of Central Africa, and the firm would honor his drafts.

"Now," continued Dr. Junker, "I have written out a contract, and if you will sign it with me I shall reach the coast. It provides that when you deliver me alive at Zanzibar the sum of \$1,500 (Austrian thalers) will be paid to you by this firm. You cannot take me with you as a traveler or a friend, and you must, therefore, take me as a slave."

The bargain was made on this basis. In passing through the hostile tribes the white man was represented to be a slave who had been purchased from a negro tribe further north. As a slave he passed untroubled even at the court of King Mwanga, and was allowed to pass on in peace with his supposed master.—Harper's Round Table.

"Rock-a-Bye-Baby" in Africa.



"So Big."
How big is my baby?
So big! So big is baby.
Lift your little arms to show,
O my baby, how you grow!
So big! So big is baby.
How big is my baby?

So big! So big is baby.
Stretching up his rosy hands,
Tall and straight my baby stands.
So big! So big is baby.
—Kindergarten Review.

Wrong Time for Dust.

Bobby had been to church and was very much impressed by the minister saying that man was made of dust. "Mamma," he exclaimed, after a thoughtful silence, "was I made of dust, too?" "Yes, Bobby," she replied. "Well," said the youngster, "I don't see how it happened. My birthday comes in January and there ain't no dust then."—Chicago News.

One Use for Rats.

One day not long ago a San Francisco hardware company received an order from a great wine-owning company worded like this:

"Send without delay fifty rats to the wine mine."

There was consternation at once. What could it mean? Was it a joke?

It wasn't, how was a hardware company to get fifty rats?

But it was a serious order, and that night a dozen or more men went into the basement of the store and prepared a rat banquet of cheese and bacon in one of the rooms. When the rats, big

and little, came inside the door was quietly closed and the rats were trapped. Then they were boxed up and sent away.

Rats are needed in the mines to eat up refuse food or other matter that would decompose, and the great Utica mine's previous colony was suffocated at a recent fire. That is why the San Francisco firm received its queer order and promptly filled it.

Impatient.
"Tommy," said a mother to her six-year-old hopeful, "you must not interrupt me when I am talking to the ladies; it isn't good manners. You must wait till we get through and then you can talk." "But, mamma," retorted the youthful observer, "you never get through, and my talk won't keep."

The Mugwumps.
Little four-year-old Maggie's father had the mumps, when one of her little playmates came in to visit her. "Why, Maggie!" exclaimed the little miss, "what's the matter with your papa's face?" "Tain't jist no matter 'tall," replied Maggie. "He's only dot the mugwumps in his jaws."

An Unfair Deal.
A little boy was fishing and, drawing in his line, found that the bait had been taken off without result, whereupon he burst into tears and said: "It's cheating."

CYCLIST'S DARING RIDE.

Kentucky Girl Risked Her Life Riding Across a High Bridge.

Miss Motie Coffman, 15 years of age, of Nicholasville, Ky., has earned the reputation of being the most daring feminine cyclist in the old Blue Grass State. When she pedaled over and back across the famous railroad bridge which spans the Kentucky River between Jessamine and Mercer Counties, Kentucky, she performed a feat that, for reckless daring, has no equal in the history of the State. The bridge, on account of its being the highest structure of its kind in the world, is known as High Bridge. The structure and the surrounding scenery are among the greatest marvels of the South. Trains pass over it hourly, day and night. There is a railroad station and a little village at the north end of the bridge. It is a typical railroad bridge, there being no railings on the sides, and the only floor is that formed by the regulation railroad cross ties, which are six inches apart.

Being a single track bridge, it is only fifteen feet wide. Thus, had Miss Coffman lost control of her wheel or had she not guided it in a direct line, she would, in all probability, have been thrown off and have fallen 300 feet—for that is the height of the bridge from the water. But this was not the only danger, for a train was liable to come along at any moment, and while it is true that there is barely room for a man to stand and let a train pass there are very few who dare take such a risk. The narrow railroad bridge is 300 feet high and 1,161 feet long, and on account of its dizzy height but few people dare walk out on it a dozen steps.

Miss Coffman is the youngest daughter of Mrs. Sallie Coffman. She is exceedingly modest and childlike in her ways. Why she ventured on such a perilous ride she herself cannot fully explain. She says it just occurred to her to ride across and she never took into consideration that there would be any danger.

The Drying Process for Vegetables.

Among the new and important industries which have been developed in California may now be numbered the drying of vegetables. Vegetables, like potatoes and carrots, are poured into the hopper of the cutting machine, where rotating knife blades cut them up into slices a quarter of an inch thick. After being sliced the tubers are slightly sulphured in a wooden chamber. Here great discrimination must be used. If they are sulphured too much the potatoes will taste of the fumes; if too little they will not contain enough antiseptic property, and bacteria attracted by the starch will develop. A little sulphuring is absolutely necessary to preserve the color of the vegetables to some extent, and to prevent decay. The next transition of the fruit is to the evaporator, a sort of small Ferris wheel, consisting of a brick oven with glass windows. This is revolved close to hot pipes for a few hours. When this stage is passed the potatoes resemble dry chips, and it takes 6 or 7 pounds of the fresh to make one pound of the dried. Onions are so pungent that bacteria do not take kindly to them. They are, therefore, only slightly sulphured before drying. The drying process shrivels them so much that it takes twenty parts of fresh onions to make one of the dried. The sight of the tears of the employees whose eyes are smarting from the fumes of the onions under preparation is almost pathetic. Carrots dry in the ratio of one part of dried to nine parts of fresh vegetable. The industry has proved very profitable, as the dried fruit is in demand all over the country, and especially in the mining districts. It is not unlikely that further improvements may soon be made in the drying process. It has been suggested that steam be employed. In such case, the starch in the potatoes would be partly cooked and sterilized, and after this the tubers could be evaporated as before. In this way the potatoes could be rid of sulphur, well dried, and yet be capable of being quickly soaked, and there would be no chance for bacteria to develop.

Value of Cuban Coins.

The silver peso of Cuba is equal to 92 1/2 cents of United States money and the gold doubloon is equal to \$5.017.

We see no reason why the spirit of mortal should be proud, unless he owns a coal mine.

Topics of the Times

The British postoffice makes \$20,000 a year by unclaimed money orders. Of the 1,500,000 inhabitants of New York only 700,000 are of American birth.

There is only one sudden death among women to every eight among men.

The growth of girls is greatest in their fifteenth year, of boys in their seventeenth.

It is reported that the Kafirs have been taught by the Chinese to become opium eaters.

The savings banks of the Dominion have on deposit \$49,000,000 of the money of the people of Canada.

A man who wanted to borrow \$2 and give his note for a year was one of the applicants at a Rockland, Me., bank.

British capital is pouring into British Columbia. It is estimated that \$5,000,000 will be taken there by syndicates.

Circuit Court judges in Indiana have decided that divorce decrees shall not be valid until the court costs have been paid.

A new field of employment for energetic girls has just been opened. One of the leading English golf clubs has engaged girl caddies.

Colorado expects to receive not less than \$6,000,000 from the State's big fruit crop this year, the greatest which the Centennial State has ever known.

An ordinance in Cleveland permits a Hebrew who observes the Sabbath on Saturday to keep his billiard saloon open on Sunday, but fines gentiles who may play billiards therein.

It is interesting to note that the capital value of the British navy at the present time exceeds \$470,000,000. The first cost of the fleet which led to the downfall of Napoleon was but \$50,000,000.

In a thicket in the upper Harz mountain a granite monument has been found with the inscription: "Here in the year 1747 the first trials were made with the cultivation of the potato."

A tunnel ten miles long, which will be the longest in England, is to be cut through Shap Fell by the London and Northwestern Railroad, in order to shorten the west coast route to Scotland.

Thelashbarn A. Charest, a 34-year-old giant of 6 feet 4 inches, who reached Baltimore as a stowaway on the steamer Tritonia from Glasgow, says he lost 100 pounds in weight in the passage, having embarked with a corporeal burden of 350 pounds.

Sunday concerts in London, where only sacred or classical music is permitted, are growing in popularity. The aggregate attendance sometimes reaches 20,000. At most of them the price of reserved seats begins at 6 cents or 12 cents, and the best prices are 50 cents.

There is not a single female voice in the choir of St. Peter's, in Rome, and yet the most difficult oratorios and sacred music written are rendered in such a manner as to make one think that Adeline Patti's high soprano is leading. The choir is composed of sixty boys.

Many people believe that all sorts of ill luck will follow them if they by chance happen to break a looking-glass. These superstitious folks may, perhaps, be glad to hear that unbreakable mirrors are now being made by putting a coat of quicksilver at the back of a very thin sheet of celluloid.

According to the chief firewarden of Minnesota the total damage to forests in that State by fire last year was not over \$14,000. This is a very creditable showing in view of the fact that a very conservative estimate places the value of standing timber in the North Star State at \$100,000,000.

It has been noticed that within the last year the chipping of bits from the Stonewall Jackson monument, at the place where he received his mortal wound on the battle field of Chancellorsville, has seriously disfigured the monument, and steps have been taken to deal severely with relic hunters, otherwise described as vandals, in future. The report says that the monument to the Union general, Sedgwick, near by, is almost untouched.

The writer of an article in a recent issue of the Marine Rundschau has laid before his readers a carefully thought out estimate of the fighting values of the various fleets expressed in terms of units. After dealing with the fleets of England, France, Russia, Germany, Italy, the United States and Japan, the conclusion is arrived at that there is only one sea power of the first rank, namely, England. Expressed in units, the author of the article estimates the English at 1,001, the French at 466, the Russian at 280, the American at 195, and the Japanese at 179.

Windsor bridge across the Thames has just been freed from its 2-penny toll through the greed of the corporation. This had an undoubted right to collect tolls from prescription, as they had been taken since the reign of Henry VI. It asked Parliament in 1734, and again in 1819, for power to charge additional tolls, and obtained it for a limited number of years. The privilege expired about ten years ago, but the corporation continued to collect the money till a litigious Briton refused to pay, thus bringing the matter to the attention of the courts.

Java's Dense Population.

Every few miles there were open red-tiled pavilions built over the highways as refuges for man and beast from the scorching sun of one season and the cloud-burst showers of the rainy half of the year. Twice we found busy

passers going on in groves beside these resthouses—picturesque gatherings of men, women and children, and displays of fowls, fruits, nuts, vegetables, grain, sugar, spices, gums and flowers, that tempted one to linger and enjoy, and to photograph every foot of the passer's area. The main road was crowded all the way like a city street, and around these passers the highway hummed with voices.

One can believe in the density of the population—24,000,000 people on this island of 49,197 square miles, about the size of the State of New York—when he sees the people trooping along these country roads, and he can well understand why every foot of land is cultivated, how, even in the benevolent land of the banana, everyone must produce something; must work or starve. Men and boys toiled to the passer, bent over with the weight of one or two monstrous jackfruits or durians on their backs. A woman with a baby swinging in the sling over her shoulder had tied cackling chickens to the back of her belt, and trudged on comfortably under her umbrella, and a boy slung a brace of ducks from each end of a shoulder-pole and trotted gaily to the passer.

The kampongs, or villages, when not hidden in palm and plantain groves behind fancy bamboo fences, were rows of open houses on each side of the highway, and we reviewed native life at leisure while the ponies were changed. The friendly, gentle little brown people welcomed us with amused and embarrassed smiles when our curiosity as to sarong-painting, lacquering and mat-weaving carried us into the family circle. The dark, round-eyed, star-eyed babies and children showed no fear or shyness, and the tiniest ones—their soft little warm, brown bodies bare of ever a garment save the cotton slandering, in which they cuddle so confidently under the mother's protecting arm—let us lift and carry and play with them at will.—Century.

LONDON'S DOG CEMETERY.

The Resting Place of Many Sincerely Mourned Canine Friends.

London has a cemetery for dogs. It is behind the keeper's cottage at Victoria Gate, Hyde Park, and in it lie some 200 dogs and about half a dozen cats. Each grave is sunk to a depth of about two feet six inches, and in some as many as three dogs are lying. One dog buried recently has been honored with a properly built vault. When the dog died the family solicitor was deputed to make all arrangements for the interment, and it may be added that this gentleman was faithful to his trust. The dog was buried in a coffin of polished oak, with silver mountings, and the lid, instead of being screwed on, is secured by two locks, one at each end, and the disconsolate owner possesses the keys.

As dogs of all degrees are represented, so their owners comprise all sorts and conditions of men, from the late commander-in-chief of the British army, the patrician priest of the Catholic Church and the greatest burlesque actress down to the faithful companion of the shop assistant. Many of the stories of the lost pets are touching in the extreme. In July, 1892, Rev. Lord Petre erected a little stone to "poor, dear Poppy."

Another stone tells its own story more eloquently than the pen of a great writer. This is what we read: "Curly, a faithful friend. He pined for his lost mistress and died 9 November, 1892." The tragic death of a lady's dog is thus recorded: "In memory of my dear little Chinchilla (Chilla)—lovely, loving, most truly faithful. Poisoned July 31, 1895. God restore thee to me, so prayeth thy ever-loving mistress, Helene." The most interesting of the graves is that occupied by the favorite dog of Miss Florence St. John, who has set up a characteristic epitaph on the tombstone, upon which we read: "Pompey, the favorite dog of Florence St. John. . . . In life the foremost friend, the first to welcome, foremost to defend."—Byron. 10 Nov., 1895."

Miss Mabel Collins records the fact that she accelerated her suffering pet's demise. In one instance a dog lying in this little graveyard has been honored with a biography which was printed for private circulation.—Chicago Chronicle.

Expensive Harmony.

"Here are a few letters I wish you would mail for me, dear," said Mrs. Tenspot to her husband, who was preparing to go out. As Mr. Tenspot took them, he glanced at the stamps, and asked: "My dear, why did you put 15-cent stamps on these letters? Two-cent stamps would have carried them." "I know it," replied Mrs. Tenspot, "but how would a red stamp look on envelopes of that lovely violet shade? This new stationery is of an exquisite color, and I could not think of spoiling its effect with stamps which did not harmonize. These purple 15-cent stamps are the nearest match the postoffice keeps."—Harper's Bazar.

A Humane Scheme.

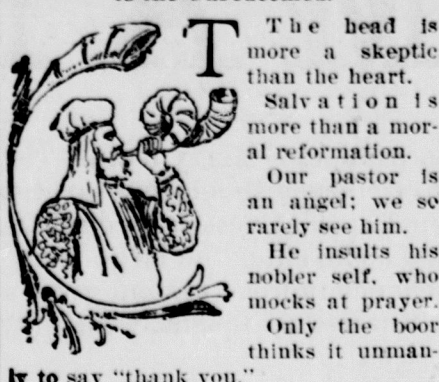
It is a pretty well-known fact that most of the deaths that occur on the field of battle result from bleeding to death before surgical aid arrives. The French government has under consideration a scheme for tattooing the soldiers of the French army with a certain mark over each artery, so that a wounded man would be able to staunch the flow of blood himself and thus increase his chance of living.

In the Great Pie Belt.

A Boston citizen who had been in Europe all summer and had not seen a single piece of pie went into the famous pie joint in Boston the day after his return. For his luncheon he took a cup of coffee, a piece of apple pie, a piece of custard pie, a piece of lemon pie and a piece of blueberry pie. He didn't take any of the grape pie because it was out.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Sam's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.



Utilize even the thorns in your path, but not for a pillow.

That man has built on the sand whose religion is all in his head.

Monopoly throws gold dust in the eyes of politicians, to blind them.

The man who can learn from his own blunders may always be in school.

Any demagogue can talk patriotism, but it takes a man to live it and vote it.

The way to the pit is filled with people who are going to turn back at the next corner.

BONES OF GIANT INDIANS.

Prehistoric Men Seven Feet Tall Who Once Lived in What is Maryland.

There has been received at the Maryland Academy of Sciences the skeleton of an Indian seven feet tall. It was discovered near Antietam ten days ago. There are now skeletons of three powerful Indians at the academy, who at one time in their wildness roamed over the State of Maryland armed with such instruments as nature gave them, or their limited skill taught them to make. Two of these skeletons belonged to individuals evidently of gigantic size. The vertebrae and bones of the legs are nearly as thick as those of a horse, and the length of the long bones exceptional. The skulls are of fine proportions, ample, and with walls of moderate thickness, but of great strength, and stiffened behind by a powerful occipital ridge. The curves of the forehead are moderate and not retreating, suggesting intelligence, and connected with jaws of moderate development.

The locality from which these skeletons came is in Frederick County, near Antietam Creek. It was formerly supposed to have been the battleground of two tribes of Indians, the Catawbas and the Delawares. Tradition has handed down the statement that between the years 1730 and 1736 the Catawbas overtook a band of Delawares at the mouth of the Antietam, and in the battle that ensued the Delawares were completely annihilated. So the tradition goes, but according to Dr. Philip H. Uhler, president of the Maryland Academy of Sciences and provost of the Peabody Institute, a careful examination of this locality has failed to establish evidences of a battle at that point, although numerous spear and arrow heads have been taken from the soil there.

It is of great interest, however, to notice that the locality was, at an earlier date—before the coming of the white man—occupied as a village site by Indians of great stature, some of them six and a half to seven feet in height. The bones of these were buried like those of prehistoric tribes in other parts of the State. The manner of burial was like this: The flesh was cleaned from the bones, some of which were then charred. The small bones of the face and neck were packed with clay. In the grave was also placed pottery, a tomahawk and the other weapons belonging to the Indians. No stone marked the grave, and no beads or wampum were buried with the skeleton. But over all the earth was heaped up into a small oblong mound, along which other similar mounds extended for many feet. The overflow of a neighboring river at this point had almost destroyed the burial area, so that only three of these small elevations were recognizable at the time of excavation.—Baltimore American.

Strange Things Pneumatic.

This is the age of things pneumatic. A St. Louis man has invented a rubber cloak which can be transformed into a mattress by blowing it up. Everything is blown up nowadays. A patent has been granted for a kind of cap which, being blown up, may be made to serve as a pillow at night or as a life preserver in case of shipwreck. This is a most convenient thing to travel with on the ocean. There is also a life preserver corset. Better than any of these, however, is a peculiar buoyant fabric devised by a German. It is interwoven with the quills of geese or other birds and is intended for wearing apparel or for linings. So light is it that a person on a voyage, if clad in a suit or dress of it, may be sure of floating in case of disaster or falling overboard.

Interesting Mexican Ruin.

An American who has recently visited the ancient deserted City of Uxmal, Mexico, says the Governor's palace is the most interesting ruin in America. It rises on a broad triple terrace, and embraces court upon court, rows of mighty pillars, and long stretches of empty halls. One of the pyramids is surmounted by a temple, and another is 300 feet long, 200 feet wide and 70 feet high, with a platform 75 feet square on top. The whole city is pronounced a majestic picture of desolation.

The Question.

"And," continued the physician, as he was about to leave, "eat only what agrees with you."

"But, doctor, how am I to know whether it agrees with me until after I eat it?"—Yonkers Statesman.

A man's idea of tough luck is to play cards with a woman and win every time, when there is nothing at stake.

GREAT MASONIC LIBRARY.

T. S. Parvin, of Cedar Rapids, the Conservator of a Unique Collection.

Theodore S. Parvin is the name of the originator, builder, conservator and guardian angel of the great Masonic library which is now stored in its fine new fireproof home in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Mr. Parvin, for more than half a century, has been busy collecting books that pertain to Masonry, and the result of his labors in a library unique in the world of books. Every rare work on Masonry has gone, for years, to his collection. Book sellers in every city of the earth have watched and worked for him, and he has been the first to know about old editions turning up in the world's market through auction sales and other channels. The most valuable treasure in the collection is the



THEODORE S. PARVIN.

"Book of Constitutions"—the first edition of 1722. For this and a few others the British museum would pay a small fortune. The library now has about 30,000 volumes—a complete collection of books on Masonry. Mr. Parvin has exhausted the field and there are no more rare books to get. He has them all in the Iowa library. The institution is not famed in America, but scholars all over the world know it. Students from the Orient, from India, from all the countries of Europe have come to Mr. Parvin to use the works untrusting patience has gathered together. The story of his life from the time he came to Iowa in 1838 as private secretary to Governor Lucas is the story of that collection of books. He has done nothing else, but that work has been thorough. The library is now in charge of Mr. Parvin and his son. The old bibliophile is drawing to his earthly end among the volumes he loves so well.

Prayer of the Pedestrian.

Keep me this day unharmed, I pray,
From wheelmen scorching up and down
They never look nor care, not they.
They bowl one o'er and ride away,
And who they are there's none can say,
And you with broken ribs and crown.

From reckless driving, I implore,
Guard me this day, I fear the boy
Who drives for some small, petty store,
(Each year their numbers grow the more),
They dash along with wild uproar
And accidents fill them with joy.

But if it be ordained that I
Must meet to-day with hap'ny dire,
That 'spite of how I strive and try,
In spite of care and warning cry,
Am struck, run o'er and senseless lie,
Grant me the favor I require.

Let me, while yet I sigh and groan,
But have at least the luck or chance,
That that which breaks my collar bone,
Be carriage some rich man shall own,
Whose name and number will be known,
Ere I am in the ambulance.

Let me be bruised by cable cars,
Street railroads are the best to sue;
Or some great brewer's wagon jurs
Be what shall make me first see stars
And leave me with the jury scars—
Sears tell with twelve good men and true.

Keep me, I pray, unharmed this day
As I go forth where danger lies,
Let it be with harm or hurt I meet,
But if it be done, I pray, entreat,
By those responsible complete
For damages and compromise!
—St. Louis Star.

The Turkish Lady.

We can hardly realize, writes a correspondent from Constantinople, the full monotony of a Turkish lady's life. Every woman, rich or poor, with the least regard to her character must be in her house by sundown.

Only think of the long, dull winter afternoons and evenings when no friend can come near them, as all their female friends must be in their own houses, and male friends they cannot have. Even the men of their own family associate but little with them.

On the Bosphorus their caliques are a great resource to the Turkish ladies, but in Pera those of the upper classes can only go out, in closed carriages, to the Sweet Waters, occasionally accompanied by their husbands on horseback.

But they may speak to no one while driving; their own husbands and sons cannot even bow to them as they pass, and no one would venture to say a word to his own wife or mother when the carriage pulls up—the police would at once interfere. The highest mark of respect is to turn your back to a lady, and this is obligatory when any member of the Imperial harem passes.

Bobby's View.

"I don't want to quarrel, mamma, But it's this way—don't you see?—I can't agree with sister, And she won't agree with me."

We never knew a man who could keep a horse looking decent in winter time.

Some married couples are so quarrelsome that they dare not sit near the open window for fear of falling out.

Some men have as little sense about money matters as widows.

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Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

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TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly eight hundred people.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

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